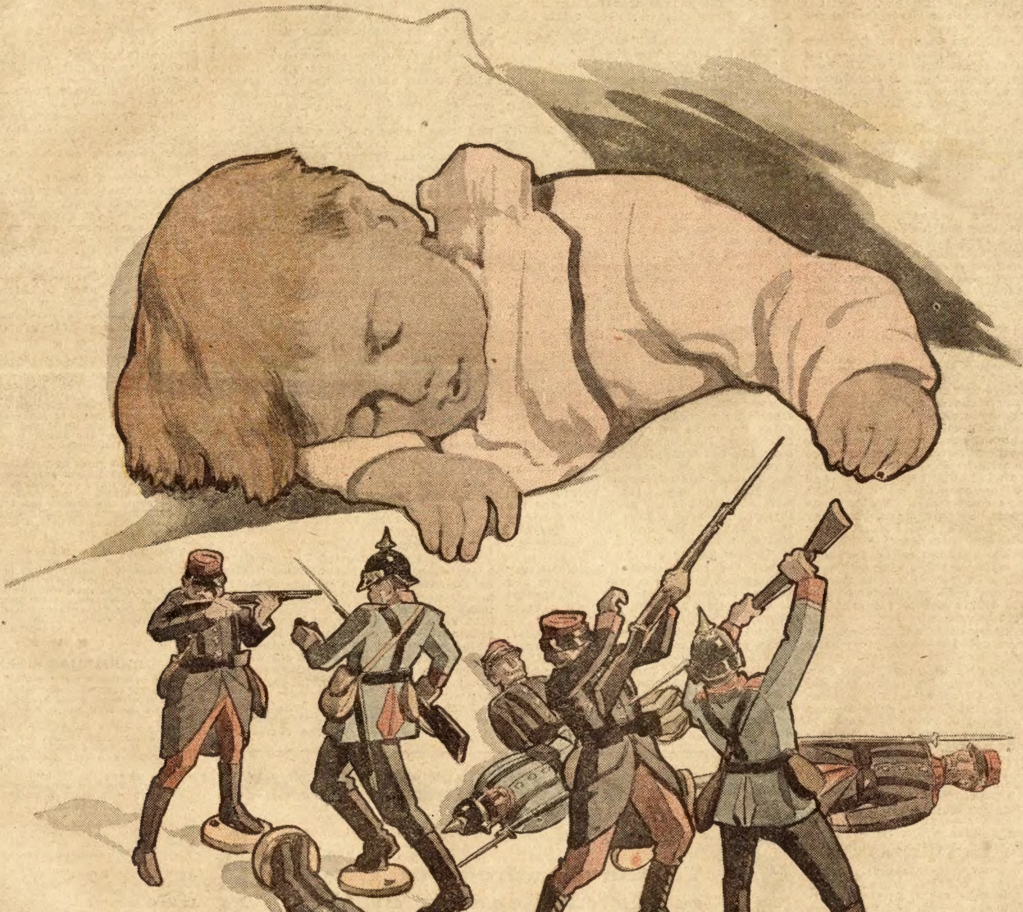
1,250,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLII. NO. 51. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

A Christmas Dream in War Times



Martin's Christmas Gift

By Helen Forrest Graves

A GRAY December twilight; the leafless woods half hidden in the whirling clouds of snow that had begun to flutter through the chill air as the sun went down; a melancholy wind sighing sadly down the valley, where rocky hills rose up on each side of the gleaming river, and only the red light from Farmer Carey's kitchen window seemed to brighten up the somber scene. For the great log fire that blazed in the cherry throat of the huge stone chimney was sufficient of itself to light up the gloomiest winter gloaming that ever closed over our bleak New England hills.

It was a large, low room, with newly whitewashed walls, and solid wainscoting extending halfway up to the ceiling; a room with small-paned windows, which oddly distorted everything you looked at through their medium, and chairs and tables which were evidently manufactured in the days when wood was cheap, and people didn't mind a little extra bulk to lift around. A bright-striped rag carpet covered the floor, and the shelves of the wooden cupboard beyond the chimney were decorated with layers of newspapers, cut in fanciful shells and scollops, while various implements of gleaming tin, hung on the walls, flashed back the brightness of the fire like so many eyes.

"Well?" said Mrs. Carey, setting down on a round pine stand the fat tallow candle she had just lighted, as her husband came in, shaking the light snow from his gray overcoat, as if he intended to have a good storm within doors, on his own account.

"Well," answered Stephen Carey, composedly, "it's a-goin' to snow all night like furiation, an' the wind's settin' around, to the east; and if it hadn't 'a' been for them mufflers you knit last month my ears would ha' been clean froze off my head."

They were a curiously contrasted couple. She, rosy and fresh-colored, with bright, black eyes, and a quick, fluttering way with her, like a bird; while he was tall, and slow, and ponderous, with leather-brown skin, and an expressionless fossilized face. Yet they had been a singularly happy couple all their lives long.

"Did you get any letters?"

"Yes."

"From Martin?"

"No, not from Martin. We're goin' to have company at Christmas. Vivia Grey is coming tomorrow night."

Mrs. Carey elevated both hands in a sort of spasmodic despair.

"For the land's sake!" was her exclamation (which Stephen Carey facetiously termed "mother's swear!") "what are we goin' to do with Vivia Grey? We haven't nothin' like what she's been used to, and I don't see how on airth we're to make her anyways comfortable. We have no velvet carpets, nor silk sofys, like they have at her uncle's, and I don't know what should send her here."

"Because she wants to see us, I s'pose," observed Stephen composedly. "There, there, wife, don't fret. Blood is thicker than water, and she's our foster cousin, you know. It'll make it pleasant for Martin, when he comes."

But Mrs. Carey could not take matters so easily as did her more phlegmatic spouse.

"I put no icin' on that cake," she fretted, "and there wasn't a raisin left for the pies, arter I'd mixed up the puddin'. I might have sent for some by Deacon Beardsley's boys, if I'd only known in time. And then the floor in the front bedroom—I have no carpet for it, and——"

"Oh, bother the carpet, mother. If Vivia can't put up with what we've got, she must go elsewhere; but I'll risk her. Where's the paper?"

The snow lay white and pure, like ridges of pearl, over all the fallen logs and unsightly stone walls, fringing the solemn old cedar trees and turning the woods to cathedral arches carved in dazzling marble and alabaster, when Farmer Carey's old box sleigh, cozily lined with buffalo robes, jingled up to the door, just about dusk and Vivia Grey ran into the kitchen, like a little fur-robed fairy, to Mrs. Carey's no small astonishment.

There was nothing so very terrible about this city visitant, after all—a delicate girl in a blue merino dress, and gold-brown hair falling in a rippled cloud above her oval face—a girl whose shy brown eyes looked at you as pleading for love, and whose mouth was as pert and lovely as a rosebud! Mrs. Carey felt her fears being gradually dissipated, as Vivia threw off her wrappings in front of the huge fireplace.

"We have a fire in the front room," began Mrs. Carey, but Vivia did not allow her to finish the sentence.

"Oh, never mind the front room," she said coaxingly, "It's so bright and snug and cheery here. You'll let me stay, won't you?"

And Vivia had her way.

She was the brightest little sunbeam that night that ever illuminated the quiet old farmhouse. At least so thought Farmer Carey and his wife, as Vivia ran about, helping to clear away the table, and sweeping up the hearth and wiping the dishes as deftly as if she had been brought up to the work, and finally settling down on a little cricket close to Mrs. Carey's side, where every gleam of the blazing fire turned her bright hair to shimmering gold and mirrored itself in the limpid depths of her hazel eyes.

"It's a little dull for you tonight, my dear," said the farmer, glancing lovingly at her, as he smoked his evening pipe, "but Martin will be here tomorrow night to spend Christmas. That's your cousin; my dear."

"My cousin Martin!" repeated Vivia softly.

"You'll like him, I'm sure—he's as fine a fellow as ever breathed, if he is my son," went on the old man. "And—now this is a great secret, my girl, remember—and I guess likely Martin means to surprise me with it, for I only heard of it through Deacon Beardsley's daughter-in-law, who came up last week—I shouldn't wonder if Martin brought a wife here one of these days to get the old folks' blessing!"

The farmer's face was radiant as he spoke. Vivia listened with her fair head slightly turned.

"Would you like it?"

"Like it! I guess we should!"

"But you might not find his bride——"

"My Martin would never bring home a bride that we shouldn't love—of that I'm sartin," answered the farmer conclusively.

"Uncle Carey," said Vivia earnestly, "will you promise me one thing?"

"Half a dozen, if you choose."

Vivia laughed.

"I shall be satisfied with one. Promise me that you will not tell your son I am here. He—he may be vexed to think that the quiet of his home Christmas should be disturbed by the presence of a stranger."

"It isn't like Martin to feel so. He'll make you as welcome as flowers in May."

"Yes, but promise me! It's only my whim!"

And she looked so pleadingly into Farmer Carey's eyes that he could not but promise.

The orange sunset of Christmas Eve streamed athwart the sunny fields like a beacon of promise—the woods, all hung with silver-pearled icicles, shone and glittered like enchanted palaces, as Farmer Carey drove up to the old red store at the crossroads where the daily stage from the nearest railroad station discharged its human freight, and peered over the fur wrappings with which the careful hands of his wife and Vivia had completely muffled him.

"There he is now, walkin' up and down, with his hands in his pockets," cried the farmer, his brown face lighting up at the sight of his only son. "Martin! Martin, my lad! Why, I do believe old Whiteface knows him!"

And the next moment Martin Carey was seated beside his father in the box sleigh, cheerily answering the torrent of questions which the old man eagerly poured forth.

"And my mother is well?" he asked, when he could get a chance to speak.

"Yes, and——"

But here Farmer Carey bethought himself of his promise to brown-eyed little Vivia, and awkwardly turned the current of his words.

"And she'll be glad to see you, my boy! But, Martin, you don't look as hearty as you did last September. You are pale!"

"Am I?"

The young man was evidently a little embarrassed.

Farmer Carey dropped the reins, aghast.

"There's nothing wrong, Martin? You haven't been getting in debt? Because if you have, my boy, we aren't rich folks, but there is the farm, and if a mortgage, or——"

"Nay, nay, father," answered Martin, pressing the old man's hand and gathering up the fallen reins with a sad smile; "I am in no such difficulty as that; thank you, all the same. Nor did I mean to cast a shadow over your quiet life with the reflection of my own sorrows. But since you have questioned me, I will confide in you freely. I have fallen in love."

"That's nothing to look sad about," the farmer answered. "Why, it's what I did myself, Martin!"

"It was a pleasant, brief dream, father," went on Martin, "but it was soon over. I'm only a workingman, father, with just enough to live on——"

"A workingman!" broke in Stephen Carey. "And what of that? Aren't they the bone and sinew of the land? Why, boy, you ought to be proud of the title!"

"Hear me out, father. I loved a girl who would grace the home of any man, and I had a reason to believe that she returned my love. A trifling difference somehow caused a coolness between us. I was in the wrong. Being made aware that I had misjudged her, I was about to seek a reconciliation when I learned that she had fallen heiress to a fortune which lifted her far above my humble sphere. I have always said that I never would marry an heiress. Still less would I lay myself open to misconception now, when the world would say that her wealth alone brought about our reconciliation. I shall never see her again."

"But, Martin——"

"Oh, father, I am very miserable!"

One moment Martin Carey's head drooped on the kindly shoulder of the old man; then he straightened up again, erect, and stately as a young pine tree.

"If you please, sir, you will not speak of it again. Let it die into the past. You would have liked her, I think. She is a distant relation of my mother's family."

"Twasn't Ruth Ann Wilcox, who went to New York, teachin' school, last fall?"

"No, sir; it was not Ruth Ann Wilcox."

And with that Mr. Carey was forced to be contented. Evidently, Martin did not like to be questioned; so, in his inmost mind, the old man came to the conclusion that it must have been "Deacon 'Siah Parson's stepdaughter, that was half sister to mother's cousin, Job Allways."

"But, Martin," he ventured to say, after they had skimmed along over the hard, frozen ground for some minutes in silence, "do you believe you young folks could have kissed and made friends if it hadn't been for the money she's fell heir to?"

"I do, father."

"There, I swow!" cried Farmer Carey, brandishing his whip handle. "'Tisn't doin' justice to her to let this consarned money part you both! Martin, my boy, think twice about it."

"I have thought, sir, and my mind is unalterably decided. Could I bear to be called a fortune hunter? Father, say no more; it only reopens the old wounds, and, although I feel your kindness from the bottom of my heart, indeed, it can do us no good."

From the uncurtained windows the red firelight streamed out across the gathering darkness of the fast-closing night as the sleigh drew tinkling up in front of the door, and Martin Carey sprang out.

His mother was at the door to receive him in true motherly fashion, and the next instant he entered the cheery old kitchen, whose walls were all festooned with wreaths of hemlocks, ivy, and shining laurel leaves, woven in with glowing scarlet berries.

"Why, mother!" he cried, "this is a genuine Christmas decoration! Who would have dreamed of there being so much skill left in your fingers!"

"It wasn't me!" cried Mrs. Carey, looking triumphantly round. "Dear me! I never could ha' twister the things together so cunningly—it was Vivia."

"Vivia."

Martin Carey's handsome Greek face turned pale as marble, as he repeated the word. At the same moment a light, graceful little figure glided into the room, and came to his side.

"Yes, Martin, it was I. You'll let me wish you a merry Christmas, won't you? And, Martin——"

"Well?"

She stole her little hand softly into his.

"I've got a Christmas gift for you, if you will accept it—myself."

"Vivia—stop a minute, Vivia!" he exclaimed. "Is this a dream, or are you really standing here under the shadow of the old rooftree, lifting the weight from my heart? Vivia, my love, my darling——'

"Your wife," she interposed gently. "Oh, Martin, would you have allowed a barrier of gold to separate us? Heiress though I am, I should have been the poorest woman in all Christendom if I lost your love. And you need never fear the world's careless imputation of being a fortune hunter. You did not come after me; I came after you."

And when Mrs. Carey came in with the best damask tablecloth on her arm, Martin and Vivia were still standing in front of the firelight, rapt in each other's low, caressing words. The old lady stopped short.

"Martin—I didn't know——"

"But I know, mother!" cried out the genial voice of the farmer, close behind her. "Martin, say, lad, it's all right at last. Mother, we're goin' to have a dear little daughter, and her name is Vivia Grey!"

And when the clear, cold light of the blessed Christmas Day dawned radiantly over the glistening, snow-covered earth, and the red fingers of sunset wrote across the orient sky the sweet old words, "Peace on earth, good will to men," Martin Carey walked with Vivia to the village church, and there received the sweetest Christmas gift that earth could have in store for him.

He had married an heiress in spite of all his protestations—and that is the end of the most of men's resolutions.

To the Hundreds of Thousands of Readers of the Chicago Ledger, the Editor sends Hundreds of Thousands of Good Wishes, and a Merry Christmas and many of them to all.

* * *

CHRISTMAS VOICES.

When snow is on the garden gate
And frost is on the laurels,
And clear upon the winter air
Arise the Christmas carols,
Between the hosts of silver stars
And meadows bleak and hoary,
I think I see the angels pass
In their immortal glory.

The jeweled gates of Paradise,
On golden hinges swinging,
Must open when the seraphs hear
The childish voices singing;
And when the chimes begin to play
On Christmas morning early,
I look for rows of haloed heads
And folded pinions pearly.

Though all the world is dim with storm
And bitter winds are blowing,
I dream of flashing wings between
The shining or the snowing;
And with the music of the bells
From every steeple pealing,
I listen for the sweeter notes
Of angel voices stealing.
—MINNA IRVING.

* * *

CHRISTMAS SILENCE.

Hushed are the pigeons cooing low
On dusty rafters of the loft;
And mild-eyed oxen, breathing soft,
Sleep on the fragrant hay below.

Dim shadows in the corner hide;
The glimmering lantern's rays are shed
Where one young lamb just lifts his head,
Then huddles 'gainst his mother's side.

Strange silence tingles in the air;
Through the half-open door a bar
Of light from one low-hanging star
Touches a baby's radiant hair.

No sound; the mother, kneeling, lays
Her cheek against the little face.
Oh, human love! Oh, heavenly grace!
'Tis yet in silence that she prays!

Ages of silence end tonight;
Then to the long-expectant earth
Glad angels come to greet His birth
In burst of music, love, and light!
—MARGARET DELAND.

* * *

Secret Service.

Nervous Lady (in whose street there have been several burglaries)—"How often do you policemen come down this road? I'm constantly about, but I never see you."

Policeman—"Ah, very likely. I sees you when you don't see me, mum. It's a policeman's business to secrete 'isself!"

* * *

Asking a Good Deal.

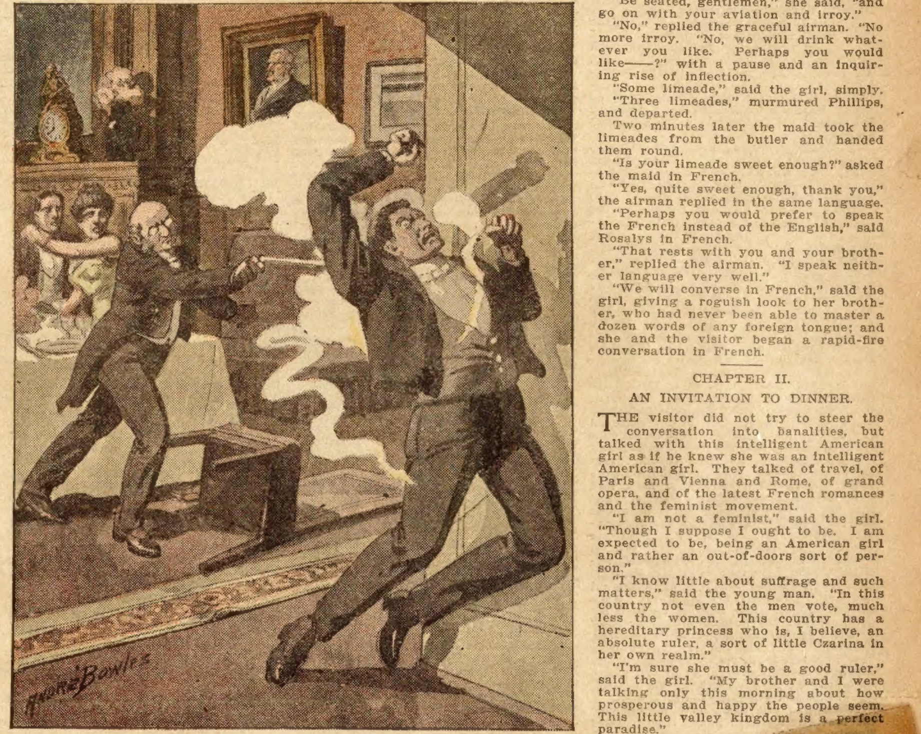
Church Usher—"Please leave your umbrella in this rack."

Worshiper (dazed)—"But this umbrella is a silk one."

THE DEATH RING

Or, IN WAR-MAD EUROPE

By Augustin W. Breeden



The man was being burnt to death.

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE AIR.

THE independent principality of Altruria is a little dot of country hemmed in by great European empires and smaller states like itself. It is a valley kingdom, surrounded by tall mountains, which are always snow clad, and it is indeed a happy valley. Here wheat and apples, beets for sugar and grapes for wine grow as nowhere else in Europe. Here dwell a happy, contented people over two hundred thousand in number, and every home is a little factory in which are made a hundred different useful and artistic objects. Moreover, in summer the country is full of tourists from Europe, France, Russia, and especially from far-off America. Recently this valley princedom became the most famous health resort in the world, through the establishment there of a sanatorium where the most miraculous cures were wrought in unbelievably short periods of time by one Doctor Kyork, called the "Wizard of Altruria."

That is how it happened that the Van Rollins of New York went to Altruria in the spring of 1914. Mr. Van Rollins, the senior partner in the firm of Van Rollins and Frazier, Wall street brokers, was suffering from consumption and word came that the "Wizard of Altruria" could cure even the most advanced cases at his sanatorium in Paulograd, the capital city of the tiny princedom.

Mr. Van Rollins took with him his old housekeeper, Miss Jenkinson, his strapping son, Harry, a practical aeronaut of twenty-one, and his charming nineteen-year-old daughter, Rosalys. They rented a villa out in the country, and Mr. Van Rollins drove into Paulograd in his big gray car every morning for his treatment, returning in the afternoon. It was charming in Altruria in June. The roses bloomed in profusion, the wheat-fields made a pale green lake that rippled beneath the cool breezes from the snow-capped mountains. Chickens cackled in the hundreds of farmyards, and the happy peasants sang at their work of mowing the tons and tons of rich hay that was to feed their sturdy, shaggy horses and silky-coated cattle through the long winter.

"Was there ever a more beautiful country in the world?" said Rosalys to her brother as they sat one day on the high veranda of the villa and gazed down across the prosperous valley.

"There never was, Sis," replied the young man. "I only wish my biplane would hurry up and get here so that I might sail all about this enchanted valley and see its beauties the better."

"Wouldn't an aeroplane startle these simple-minded peasants?" exclaimed the girl.

"Not at all," said Harry. "The War Department at Paulograd owns two or three and there are two or three more privately owned in the city, so I am told. I saw one in flight the second day we were here."

"Oh, there is one now!" exclaimed Rosalys.

Above the capital, some eight or ten miles distant, circled a tiny object just discernible against the blue of the clear June sky. The two watched the thing with increasing interest.

"It's coming this way," said Harry after a moment or two. "I shall soon be able to make out what type it is."

The girl got up and went into the house for a field-glass, but by the time she had returned the glass was not needed. The birdman was coming toward the villa at a rate of nearly two miles a minute.

"It's a Curtiss biplane," shouted Harry excitedly, "just like mine!"

By this time the airman was almost over the villa and was circling as if about to alight.

"Why, he's going to land here," exclaimed the girl. "Do you suppose papa is worse and Doctor Kyork has sent a messenger to tell us?"

"No, they would have used the telephone," said the brother. "Perhaps this birdman has heard that I, too, am a birdman, and has come out to fraternize."

"Perhaps so," said the sister, mockingly. "My noted brother," striking a mock-dramatic attitude, "cannot remain long in obscurity——But look, he has alighted and is making toward the house. I am going in. You can entertain him—now for a polyglot pow-wow. Try your French on him, then German, then Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. If none of these tongues go, try English." With this piece of banter the girl disappeared into the house.

She watched the approaching stranger from behind a drawn shade. He was neither broad-shouldered nor tall like her brother, but a slight, boyish figure, but with poise and grace in his every movement. He was dressed simply and might, at first glance, have been mistaken for an ordinary chauffeur.

"Good morning," he said, with a slight accent, addressing Harry, who got to his feet as the airman touched the bottom step leading up to the veranda.

"Good morning," answered Harry. "Come up and have a seat. Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, very beautiful," replied the airman.

He reached the top of the steps and extended his hand to Harry. "Scananbourg is my name," he said, simply. "Victor Scananbourg." He pronounced the final g of his name as if it were a k.

"I'm Harry Van Rollins Jr., of the firm of Rollins & Frazier, of Wall street, New York," answered Harry. "Have a chair, Mr. Scananbourg." He rang a bell in the house by pressing a hidden button on a little wicker table. Phillips, the butler, appeared, bowing punctiliously.

"What will you have to drink, Mr. Scananbourg?" asked Harry, simply.

"Now, I don't want to trouble you," said the other; "a limeade, perhaps—anything that's handy."

"Two limeades?' murmured the butler, and turned to go.

"Wait!" cried Harry. He turned to his visitor. "Pardon me, sir," he said; "you are an aviator, and so am I. My machine ought to arrive here any day now from New York. We two ought to drink to each other in something better than limeade. Please call for what you really want. Our cellar is well stored, I'm sure."

"Well, if you put it that way," said the airman, "you may bring me a sip of irroy brut; and really, Mr. Rollins, I'm glad to meet a fellow aviator."

"Bottle of irroy," murmured the butler, and departed.

"And what type of machine do you affect?" queried the visitor. He spoke his English with a quaint pronunciation, neither German nor French, and he occasionally lapsed into the use of French words. But Rosalys noted, as she peeped from behind her screen, that his manners were charming. And Rosalys, society girl that she was, could not help but have a certain respect for a slim young man who could drink irroy brut at half-past ten in the morning. She knew the liquor would fly to her brother's head, and she half expected he would be babbling like an idiot before the visit could be concluded, especially since the two had now got upon her brother's pet hobby—aeroplanes. But she was well pleased to note that the visitor sipped the champagne very sparingly, scarcely more than wetting his lips from time to time, and that her brother had the good sense to follow his example.

The two young men talked for half an hour. Their talk was of Wrights, and Curtisses, and Bleriots, of Zeppelin dirigibles and their inferiority, and also of a queer league that Scananbourg had heard of in Paris, a band of aviators sworn to give their lives to defend France if attacked by way of the air. Scananbourg expressed the greatest admiration for members of this league, and said that such a league was necessary for all smaller countries if warfare by way of the air ever became general.

At the end of another half hour Harry said, breezily: "Scananbourg, I want you to meet my sister."

"I shall be delighted," said the visitor.

Harry rang. "Ask my sister if she can come out," he said to Phillips. "Tell her to come as she is, please."

Fifteen minutes later Rosalys made her appearance on the veranda, preceded by the butler and followed by her maid. Something, perhaps the irroy brut, had told her that this visitor was a person of consequence, and she did not propose to assume the breezy and unconventional manner that her brother had fallen into.

"Miss Rosalys Van Rollins," announced the butler, grandly.

"My sister," supplemented Harry, getting to his feet.

The visitor had risen the moment the trio made their first appearance. He now advanced a step, took Rosaly's fingertips in his outstretched hands and raised them to his lips. "I am honored to meet you, Miss Van Rollins," he murmured, "Pray be seated."

Rosalys noted that, although he asked her to be seated, as though he were the host and she the visitor, he had made no move to push a chair toward her, but left that for the maid. She wondered a little at this. She also noted that he remained standing after she was seated and that her brother, taking the cue, did the same.

"Be seated, gentlemen," she said, "and go on with your aviation and irroy."

"No," replied the graceful airman. "No more irroy. "No, we will drink whatever you like. Perhaps you would like——?" with a pause and an inquiring rise of inflection.

"Some limeade," said the girl, simply.

"Three limeades," murmured Phillips, and departed.

Two minutes later the maid took the limeades from the butler and handed them round.

"Is your limeade sweet enough?" asked the maid in French.

"Yes, quite sweet enough, thank you," the airman replied in the same language.

"Perhaps you would prefer to speak the French instead of the English," said Rosalys in French.

"That rests with you and your brother," replied the airman. "I speak neither language very well."

"We will converse in French," said the girl, giving a roguish look to her brother, who had never been able to master a dozen words of any foreign tongue; and she and the visitor began a rapid-fire conversation in French.

CHAPTER II.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

THE visitor did not try to steer the conversation into banalities, but talked with this intelligent American girl as if he knew she was an intelligent American girl. They talked of travel, of Paris and Vienna and Rome, of grand opera, and of the latest French romances and the feminist movement.

"I am not a feminist," said the girl. "Though I suppose I ought to be. I am expected to be, being an American girl and rather an out-of-doors sort of person."

"I know little about suffrage and such matters," said the young man. "In this country not even the men vote, much less the women. This country has a hereditary princess who is, I believe, an absolute ruler, a sort of little Czarina in her own realm."

"I'm sure she must be a good ruler," said the girl. "My brother and I were talking only this morning about how prosperous and happy the people seem. This little valley kingdom is a perfect paradise."

At this juncture the airman seemed to notice for the first time that her brother had dropped out of the conversation.

"Perhaps your brother does not speak French," he said.

The girl laughed and turned jauntily to her brother. "No, Harry talks only United States," she laughed.

"I am going to stroll down and look at your biplane," said Harry, rising.

"Try her around the valley," cried the airman; "you'll find, I think, that she has pretty good speed.

Harry got into the biplane and a moment later was tasting all the joys of speedy flight through the air. Meanwhile the two young people on the veranda talked of many things—of the United States, of the guerrilla warfare in Mexico, of the sad fate of Maximilian in that country. Rosalys was struck by the breadth of knowledge of political science that this young man displayed and by his interest in military affairs and in statecraft.

At a little before luncheon time Harry returned, in a high state of exhilaration, and Scananbourg rose to go.

"You and your brother must call upon me at my bungalow," he said. "My mother will be only too delighted to meet you. I feel that before I go I ought to explain to you two a little something about myself. I am a rather worthless son of a very worthy widowed mother. My mother is wealthy and so I live in idleness. It is an abominable sort of life, but up to the present I have been unable to throw it off."

"You are no worse than Harry," cried the girl. "He has never done anything but play football and fly his biplane. You have at least had the industry to master several languages and to go deeply into international politics. That is something."

"And pray what has my little sister done that she should lecture us for idleness?" asked Harry.

"I—I," began Rosalys, blushing charmingly. She was an amateur playwright, but, of course, she dared not tell that. "Well, I am a woman, and so nothing is expected of me," she ended, lamely. "But Mr. Scananbourg, won't you stay for luncheon?"

"I'm sorry to decline, but I am to lunch with mother today."

'Then you will take dinner with us tomorrow evening, perhaps?" cried Harry. "Father will be at home and we will keep the company small, not more than six at table."

"Yes," replied the airman, frankly, as the sister added her invitation to that of her brother, "yes, I shall be delighted to come."

"Let us arrange the matter of guests, then, before you go," said Rosalys. "How about Doctor Kyork?"

"Fine," replied the airman.

"And we must have a lady. I should be lonely in a company of men. Would Madame de la Huy——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the young man. "Perhaps you do not know De la Huy. She is an international spy."

"Then what about Madame Zinsky, the Russian novelist—you know her?"

'I would be charmed to sit at table with her," replied the airman. "And I thank you profoundly for showing such consideration in choosing your guests. Au revoir, then, until tomorrow evening."

When the airman had disappeared as a dot in the distance, Harry turned to his sister. "What do you think of him?" he asked.

"He simply proves what I have always said," replied the girl. "A cultured young man from the best society of Europe is in every way superior to the very best in our own country."

But that was not all that Rosalys thought. Something about this charming airman had touched a chord as yet unsounded in the young girl's heart. She was not exactly in love with him at first sight, but she was tremendously interested in him; and, somehow, she looked forward to that dinner party on the morrow as the greatest event of her life.

A rather trifling circumstance occurred that evening just after Mr. Van Rollins had arrived from town. A young man who spoke English indifferently, but French readily, applied to the butler for a position in the servants' corps of the house, saying that he preferred work in the dining-room. The butler referred the matter to Mr. Van Rollins, saying that he needed another good man, and Mr. Van Rollins told him to take him on, by all means, if he needed him, provided, of course, the young man had good credentials. So the new servant was taken on. Nothing strange about that; but in the dusk of the early morning next day the maid, Nanette, came excitedly to Rosalys.

"Miss Van Rollins," she whispered, excitedly, "the new man that Mr. Phillips took on last night has been sneaking all about the grounds, taking photographs of the house. I'm sure there's some devilment at the bottom of his action."

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Rosalys, drowsily. "Perhaps the new young man has artistic instincts, or perhaps he wants to send photographs of the house he works at to his mother. Go to bed, Nanette, and calm your fears."

There was one other circumstance of the last twenty-four hours that puzzled Rosalys. Scananbourg had left the stub of a cigarette on the little ash tray on the table, and she, with a young girl's love for trifling souvenirs, had picked the thing up and unrolled the film of gold from the tip. There was a monogram on the gold leaf impressed into it, but it was not V. S., as she supposed it would be. The letters, as near as she could untangle them from the monogram, looked like R. V. d S e Pg A Rx. In addition to this wonderful monogram there was imprinted upon the gold leaf a coronet.

Now, as Rosalys lay there in her snowy bed, she put three facts together: The airman had objected to Madame de la Huy on the grounds that she was an international spy; he had a coronet imprinted on the gold tips of his cigarettes, and on the morning of the day he was to dine at their villa a strange young man in the guise of a servant crept about the grounds in the dawn, making photographs of the premises. She recalled all this and a dozen other little circumstances, such as his extreme interest in international politics, and could come to but one conclusion—this young man was a person of consequence, possibly some deposed European nobleman, living in Altruria incognito.

"Perhaps he needs to marry the daughter of an American millionaire to recruit his shattered fortunes," she murmured whimsically to herself. "My, but wouldn't Dad rear if there were to be such a thing in the family? Well, today will perhaps bring something to light." And with that, pretty, pink-cheeked Rosalys fell asleep.

She was certainly not prepared for the mysterious and startling events that that day did indeed bring to light.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH RING.

THE dinner that evening started off auspiciously. Madame Zinsky was as charming as could be, with her queer French and queerer English, her lively repartee, her surprising innuendoes and the queer mixture of gayety and gravity that marked her every utterance. Doctor Kyork, the "Wizard of Altruria," a charming little man with a look of baby innocence in his round, rubicund face, and a gleam of deep cunning in his small, dark eyes, told queer tales of far-away places, and heathens and strange gods. Young Scananbourg was his own charming and intelligent self; and the three Van Rollinses made the best of listeners.

One little circumstance at the beginning of the dinner had annoyed Rosalys a little and upset her good feeling for the moment. The end of the table next to the door of the butler's pantry was regarded as the head of the table and she, as hostess, assigned it to Doctor Kyork as being the eldest and most distinguished person of the company. She was to sit at the side of the table between the doctor and young Scananbourg, while her brother and Madame Zinsky were to occupy the other side, and her father was to sit at the foot. But the eccentric doctor completely upset her arrangements by insisting that he take the foot of the table and that he have young Scananbourg on his left, the place intended for Madame Zinsky. However, the trifling incident was soon passed over in Rosalys' mind, for the time being at least.

She would soon have forgotten it had it not been for a second queer incident that occurred while the soup course was being served. This was nothing less than the fact that the eccentric Doctor Kyork, during an animated conversation, reached quickly over and took a spoonful of soup out of young Scananbourg's plate.

She wanted to laugh outright at the incident, but controlled herself. But imagine her growing surprise, when, as the meal proceeded, she saw the curious little doctor slyly snatch a little of each separate bit of food as soon as it was served to young Scananbourg, and witnessed that he likewise secured a spoonful from each glass of wine that was brought to the young man. One other thing she noted—that the doctor watched the door of the butler's pantry through which the butler and the new dining-room man came and went in serving the meal. She also noted that Scananbourg did not appear to notice Kyork's queer actions, though she was sure he was conscious of them. She could come to but one conclusion. This charming young man was a person of great importance, and Doctor Kyork was his bodyguard, temporarily at least.

Rosalys felt a queer sinking of the heart as she reached this conclusion. Yesterday, when this young man seemed attainable, she was certainly not in love with him; today, when he suddenly appeared completely unattainable by the exalted position he no doubt held, she felt herself completely and entirely in love with him.

She was suddenly checked in the midst of these thoughts. Madame Zinsky was telling a thrilling story of a suicide she had once witnessed and everybody about the table was listening intently, or at least appearing to do so. Suddenly the sharp, deafening report of a pistol rang, as it seemed, in her ear. She looked first at her father, for the report seemed to come from right over his head. Then she heard a faint exclamation of pain and saw young Scananbourg standing with his left hand clutching the table and his right hand held tightly over his heart. Her eyes leaped from him to Doctor Kyork. That extraordinary man had leaped up and was standing in his chair with a look of deadly hatred in his face; and the back of his right hand, on which was a ring that shot flashes of light through the room, was held out and presented toward the new waiter, who stood in the door of the dining-room with a smoking revolver in his hand and a look of horror on his face.

"Don't look at the ring!" shouted Doctor Kyork and young Scananbourg with one voice.

Rosalys had caught one fleeting glance at the ring on Kyork's hand, and that one glance had all but blinded her. That ring flashed fire more brilliant than lightning or the strongest sunlight. She saw her father glance up only slightly and then throw both hands up to his eyes, as if completely blinded, and slip from his chair under the table.

"Keep your eyes on the floor and get back to the wall," cried Scananbourg.

Three people obeyed.

"Get back!" roared Kyork as the butler started to enter the dining-room behind the would-be assassin.

Rosalys lifted her eyes from the floor and looked at the man with the revolver. He had suddenly dropped the weapon and thrown both hands over his eyes. But an instant later he threw his hands high above his head and uttered a piercing cry. Then he clapped his hands to different portions of his body and at once snatched them away with another loud outcry. At one time he doubled up like a man attacked by cholera morbus. His face, hands and wrists turned black. There was a smell of turned black. There was a smell of singed flesh in the room, and then his clothing caught on fire and blazed.

It was plain now to everybody that the man was being literally burned to death before their eyes by the darting rays of that miraculous ring. The father emerged from under the table near where Kyork was standing in the chair, crawling ludicrously on his hands and feet. At that time the would-be assassin gave one mighty cry and crumpled down on the floor, dying. The rays of that mysterious ring had at last pierced his heart.

"All right now, no danger!" shouted the doctor. The ring had suddenly ceased to flash fire.

"May we turn your house, temporarily, into a hospital for this young man?" enquired the doctor, turning to Mr. Van Rollins.

"I can offer no objections," replied Mr. Rollins. "We are all witnesses to the cowardly attack this dying man made upon Mr. Scananbourg, and we have also witnessed his terrible punishment. In America we usually electrocute a man in a more formal manner, after strapping him in a chair, and we seldom allow ladies to be present."

"Father," cried Harry, "we all know that if Doctor Kyork had not acted at once the assassin might have escaped. I don't think we ought to blame the Doctor for what has taken place, at least not till we are better acquainted with all the facts."

"Look to the lady!" cried Doctor Kyork. Both Rosalys and young Scananbourg had fainted simultaneously, or rather young Scananbourg had fainted, and the girl, who was watching him intently, fainted an instant later from a sort of hypnosis or physical sympathy.

The men carried Scananbourg into a great airy guest chamber on the first floor, while Nanette and Madame Zinsky got the girl upon a sofa in the dining room and applied a bottle of aromatic ammonia to her nostrils.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE.

AS SOON as Doctor Kyork had given Scananbourg's wound a temporary dressing he leaped into his waiting car and drove like mad back to Paulograd. He returned at ten o'clock with the car full of strange-looking apparatuses and with two white-aproned assistants from the sanatorium. In an electric brougham behind came Scananbourg's mother. The doctor had commanded that no one should leave the house during his absence or communicate with the outside world. The corpse of the would-be assassin had been removed from the dining-room by the butler and the housekeeper, and that without the knowledge of any of the inferior servants. It happened that only three people besides the family were aware of the tragedy—the butler, the housekeeper and the maid, Nanette. Madame Zinsky proved the best of nurses and the most discreet of ladies. She was everywhere present and assisted at everything.

Rosalys had completely recovered from her swoon when Madame Scananbourg arrived. She and Madame Zinsky met the stricken mother at the front door.

"I am so sorry that this tragedy has occurred," said the young girl, putting out her hand. "I'm sorry that his coming to our house for dinner should have brought this upon him."

"We don't hold you people the least bit to blame," said the mother. "Doctor Kyork has explained everything. The tragedy might have happened anywhere. Where is my darling?"

Rosalys noted something about this lady that set her apart. She was commanding; she entered the house as if it belonged to her; she was mistress of the situation, first, last, and all the time. Again the young girl had that sinking of the heart, as she dreamed that these people must be infinitely above her socially.

The mother was ushered into the room where her son lay on a low couch. He had never recovered consciousness since fainting, and was very white and still. The mother gave a low cry as she beheld him, and at once dropped down on her knees beside his couch, where she remained silently chaffing his hands and wrists.

Meanwhile Doctor Kyork and his two aproned assistants had set up a strange-looking device at the far side of the room. It was the so-called emanatorium, the same kind of a device with which the "wizard" had been working such wonderful cures in cases of tuberculosis—the same kind of device with which the famous doctor was at that time treating Mr. Van Rollins at the sanatorium.

"I will explain the action of this machine," said the little doctor, as all present tiptoed to his side of the room, leaving the wounded man alone at the other side. "The rays from the little set in that ring that I used this evening at dinner, passing through a chemical screen, instead of being deadly, become beneficent. They oxidize and kill disease germs, aid the white corpuscles to do their work in destroying all germs, and, above all, cause a rapid growth of living tissue. Thus this young man's wound, serious though it is, will probably be healed by this mtehod within three days at the outside. Also, all the vital functions of the body are stimulated by these rays. You will note that already the color has returned to the young man's cheeks—that his breathing is full and regular. He is now enjoying a sweet sleep from which he will awaken much refreshed. Thus you will see that the ring that dealt death when no screen was imposed about it, gives life when properly screened in. Mr. Van Rollins here can testify to the restfulness and restored vigor that it brings; he didn't know until today that it could also deal death. It seems to me, ladies and gentlemen, that the set in this little ring is a type of modern science. Left unguarded, it produces war and engines of war; fenced in by Christianity and humanism, it establishes hospitals, sanatoria and dispensaries where human beings are saved from the direst of diseases."

The doctor's prophecy proved correct. Within three days Victor Scananbourg was able to walk out to the front veranda and sit with his mother and Rosalys.

"That Kyork is a wonder," he said. "He didn't tell you people—he didn't tell me till today—I was shot through the left lobe of the lung, just a little above the heart. If it had not been for him and his wonderful emanatorium I would be dead at this moment."

"We owe a great deal to Doctor Kyork," murmured the mother. "Son, I am going to my room to lie down. I feel fatigued now that my worst anxiety is past."

She arose and her maid followed her into the house. Nanette sat at the far end of the veranda with her back turned toward the two young people. She was deep in a French romance. Harry was away in his biplane, which had just that day arrived, and Doctor Kyork had motored into the city, taking Mr. Van Rollins with him. So the two young people were alone together.

"I feel that I owe you some explanations," began young Scananbourg. "It was excessively rude of Doctor Kyork to kill that man in your presence. I was wounded and had lost my head, or I should have stopped him."

"It was horrible," murmured the girl unconsciously.

"I must explain some things to you," continued the young man, and yet I scarcely know how to begin. You have probably already guessed that I am a person of some social importance. Social importance doesn't exactly express what I mean, either. My mother has wealth. We are the real owners of the big sanatorium that people suppose belongs to Doctor Kyork. I hardly know how much I ought to confide in you. Are you a discreet person? Do you know how to keep a secret absolutely?" He looked at the girl admiringly for a moment, and she made no assertion as to her discretion.

"Yes, I think you can keep a secret," he said after a pause. He leaned over and whispered something in the girl's ear.

"No?" she said. "Where in the world did it all come from?"

"That is Doctor Kyork's secret," replied the young man. "This further I shall tell you: the nation that owned what is in that sanatorium could whip any nation in the world in a war, because with the emanatoria that they could rig up they could soon cure every soldier not actually torn to pieces. You saw how quickly I was cured. Well, there were enough emanations went to waste during the same time to have cured five hundred other wounded men. Moreover, we have enough of this material to set up forty such emanatoria. You see, when our facilities are complete we could treat twenty thousand wounded soldiers at a time and could restore them to the war front at the rate of from twenty to forty thousand a week. You know what that would mean for a nation in a general European war."

"Have you had no offers from any of the great powers for this wonderful, wonderful thing?"

"We have had offers and have had threats. Our sanatorium is guarded by three thousand picked soldiers under General Stanislaus. It is the whole business of this little principality to guard our treasure for us. Its existence is still largely a secret. We have made a few demonstrations and have offered it to any efficiently organized international Red Cross. So far, the international Red Cross is a joke so far as field work is concerned. The world does not yet seem to be ready for our blessing."

"But I can't see," cried the girl, "how the possession of this treasure at the sanatorium should cause your life to be constantly in danger, which it seems to be."

"That I cannot explain," replied the young man. "But I think I ought in justice to you to explain how I came to make your acquaintance. I sought it—of course you must know that. Ordinarily I am a "white-apron" up there at the sanatorium. You came there with your father. I saw you—you were beautiful. I heard who and what your father was; I became interested. I heard that your brother was a fellow aviator. I was lonely; I longed for the society of you two. It seemed as if it would be a paradise to me to get to be with you two—to be one of you. Well, I came out, and you know the rest."

The girl sighed.

"I am happy when I have you in my sight," whispered the young man. "I am miserable the moment you are away from me. If that is love, I love you. I hope you will try to care for me a little in return."

"I care for you already," returned the

(Continued on page eleven.)

Isobel, the Czar's Spy

Or, EMPIRES AT STAKE

By T. C. Harbaugh

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 49, December 5. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAN ON THE ROOF.

"YOUR absence did pain me," said Mademoiselle Isobel to Lassiter when they had met again after a separation of three days. "I could not conceive what had taken you off so suddenly and without even so much as a good-by note. But now all is explained."

They were seated in a little room some distance from the star's luxurious quarters. There was the same lemon scent in the apartment that ever clung to her chambers and upon her face was a smile which delighted Lassiter.

"When one is bundled off with a revolver at the back of his head and flung into a car, he hasn't much time for farewell notes," answered the Englishman. "And when I fell from the Warsaw Express I never thought I would have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"Truly fortune favored you," said Isobel. "You should have seen my visitor of last night," and she beamed upon him in a manner that sent a flutter to his heart.

His look was an interrogation which the Alsatian understood, for she went on at once:

"I had a tete-a-tete with Strouse."

Lassiter could not repress an exclamation of astonishment.

"With that Austrian dog?" he cried.

"Yes, with Franz Josef's spy. We got along famously together."

"But I suppose I was not discussed?"

"You were out of the running," responded Isobel, "though not out of my thoughts. Herr Strouse is a wily reptile who reminds me of one of those little green snakes that inhabit the tropics. He dropped in upon me with a lot of congratulations over my performance at the opera."

"Was his call for nothing more?" inquired Lassiter.

"As I have just said, Strouse is cunning. He could not quite conceal the real object of his visit. He was faultlessly arrayed and kept his head."

"Which is more than he will keep when we come together!" cried Lassiter with rising spleen.

"You will deal with the little Austrian when I am through with him. Just now I have Strouse in tow."

The Englishman looked into the deep eyes before him, but could not fathom them.

"You told Semkin, I understand, that you are going to recover the document which was taken from Von Roon after the murder."

"Such is my determination."

"But you do not know the peril," he hastened to say in warning tones.

"The peril is nothing to me. The Czar must have that document. The fate of Russia may depend upon it."

"That is true. I have seen enough within the last few days to know that a spark will set off all the powder magazines in the old world. That secret compact is the gauntlet. It is the match that ignites the powder."

"You are right," smiled Isobel. "Let me tell you something, Burke. Find the man who killed Von Roon and you will find the document."

"I have come to that conclusion, but——"

"I shall find that man!"

"But perhaps not before he has negotiated it."

"We shall see. I have not been idle since you went away. I have pulled several little strings which have rewarded my industry. Von Tuyl, the driver of the war carriage——"

"Aha! you are coming to that fellow," interrupted Lassiter.

"Yes. Von Tuyl has been sweated by every means in the power of the imperial police."

"And to no avail, I haer."

"He declares that he knows nothing. The man is still under suspicion."

"Of having killed Von Roon?"

"No, of being the murderer's accessory."

"He doesn't look like a man who would go even that far."

Isobel shrugged her dainty shoulders.

"He looks like a jelly sort of individual," she said. "He seems to have a fear of blood. He has been permitted to remain in service but with the knowledge that he is constantly watched. The man who killed and robbed Von Roon handled the Jehu."

"If this be true then, indeed, you have discovered something," Lassiter exclaimed, looking at Isobel admiringly.

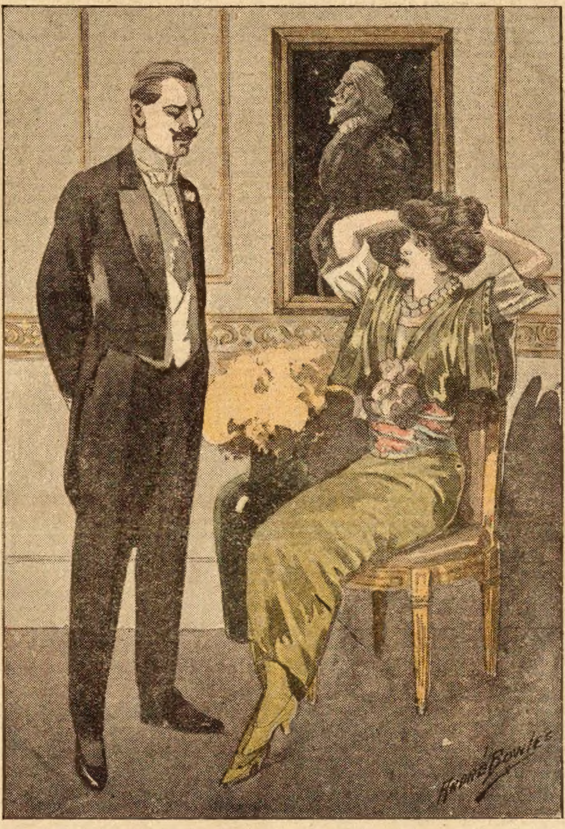
"I told Semkin that I would not be balked," she answered proudly.

"Tomorrow night," she went on, "there is to be no performance, owing to Count Buelow's reception, where I am to sing."

"You are very bold," said the Englishman.

"It is boldness that sometimes wins, my dear boy," laughed the beautiful Alsatian. "Count Buelow's function is to bring out his niece, one of the most delightful young girls in Berlin. I could not resist the invitation. All Berlin will be there and of course we shall have the pleasure of seeing the usual number of secret agents, among them Strouse and his coterie."

"Always the wolves," ejaculated Lassiter, at which Isobel nodded and smiled.



"This is the honor of my life."

"The Crown Prince will also be present and probably the War Minister, provided he has recovered from the late event."

"He will doubtless send his regrets."

Isobel rose and crossed the room and Lassiter saw her unlock and open a little secretaire. She took something out which she concealed in the folds of her dress. When she came back to her seat she withdrew her hand and laid upon the table an automatic, at which Lassiter stared with open eyes.

"I am going to take this with me," she said with a calmness that got upon the listener's nerves. "Not a very nice thing for a star to carry, perhaps, but one does not always know beforehand what may happen. This is the last thing the Czar placed in my hands when I bade him adieu in the Winter Palace. It's a pretty toy, don't you think?" and Isobel took up the revolver and fondled it as a child fondles a favorite plaything.

"You can come to my rooms after the reception?" she asked.

"Here?"

"No. In the old place. I will not be followed home."

"Not when the trio know that you are the Czar's spy?"

"Not even though they know or suspect my real pursuit in life."

"Now," said Lassiter, "let us get back to first principles. You say that Von Tuyl didn't kill the secretary?"

"I promise you that he didn't. Isn't that enough?"

"Your word goes with me for everything."

"If the driver had committed the crime he would be insane at this very moment."

Lassiter did not wish to push the Alsatian further and therefore desisted. When he parted from Isobel he hurried away to the secret lodgings which he had taken upon his return to the capital, and tossed off a glass of stimulating wine.

"She's the most wonderful woman in all the world!" he exclaimed. "I never saw her like, and if any one can find the lost document it is Mademoiselle Isobel."

Twenty minutes later he was in bed, his head full of the late adventure.

It was past midnight when he found himself sitting bolt upright staring at the little curtained window near the couch. For some minutes he was perfectly motionless and then, dropping to the floor, he moved along the wall with his eyes glued upon the window. Reaching the sash he laid one hand lightly upon it and with the other clutched an automatic. A full moon hovered resplendently over Berlin and sent its soft light into the chamber, which was as quiet as the grave. Lassiter reached out one hand and moved the curtain half an inch, then he put his eye to the aperture and looked out upon the sloping roof.

"Just as I thought," he said to himself, as he discerned a darkish figure a few feet away.

"It is not Strouse for once," thought Lassiter, "but a dangerous reptile for all that."

The figure on the roof did not move. It hugged the shingles like one nailed to them and the face, bent downward, refused to give the Englishman the slightest view of it. For some seconds, which seemed hours to the man with the automatic, the dark object kept motionless and then it began to crawl toward the window. Lassiter drew back. In a few moments he heard a hand at the lower sash; then the sash began to move, and at last it had been lifted a few inches.

Lassiter's hand tightened on the thing it clutched.

Presently a hand advanced from the outside and was seen to be holding something. The eyes of the Englishman were glued upon it and he held his breath. All at once something dropped from the hand to the floor with no more sound than that of a falling ball. The strange thing lay at his feet. In another moment the sash had been lowered and the man was creeping back over the roof. Lassiter waited a minute and then picked up the thing on the carpet. A thrill shot through every fiber of his frame. Inside the object, which was not as large as his fist, there was a slight ticking like a weary watch.

The Englishman looked at the infernal machine and grew pale.

CHAPTER X.

WOLF AND WOLF.

THE ominous thing still ticked in Lassiter's hand. It required the greatest concentration of mind to know what to do with it. The wildest speculations shot through his brain. The man on the roof had disappeared. Confident that Lassiter's doom had been fixed, he had hastened from the scene of his villainy, probably to inform his masters of his success, for the Englishman took it for granted that his assailant was but a tool.

Lassiter knew that, despite his disguise, he had been discovered. He saw in the attempt on his life the hand of little Strouse, the secret agent of Austria. He was to be put out of the way for purposes of Strouse's own and he believed that the next move of the cabal would be against Mademoiselle Isobel. This thought thrilled him. It roused all the resistance in his nature and he moved. Gripping the ticking death in his hand, he rushed to the door and bounded down the staircase into the street. He did not know when the explosion might occur. The machine had been set for a certain hour which was to be reached at any time. The streets were deserted. The wind touched his face, but it could not beat down the fever that burned his blood. A few rods distant the river sparkled in the moonlight as it rushed from beneath a bridge. To gain that point and hurl the infernal thing into the water was now the only object that obsessed him. It seemed to grow alternately hot and cold in his hand.

At length the white-arched bridge gleamed upon his vision. He gave vent to an ejaculation of relief. In another moment he was leaning over the marble balustrade and then, gritting his teeth hard, he flung the devilish contrivance into the water. It danced for a second on the topmost ripples and then sank out of sight.

Lassiter turned away, with hope in his heart. Fortune had played him a good turn, but he could not tell how soon the scales would turn the other way.

Slowly he went back. If he could have followed the man on the roof he would have seen him enter a small apartment where a little man was apparently waiting for some one. There was a gleam in this person's eyes when the bomb-thrower made his appearance.

"You are back," said this personage. "You found the place?"

"I could not miss it."

"And you planted the thing all right?"

"I left it with him," with a malicious grin.

The little man, who was none other than Strouse, drew a purse from his pocket and thrust it toward the other one, who rammed it into his pocket.

"That is all," the Austrian said. "Now you know the value of a still tongue."

"I know its full value," chuckled the bomb-thrower; and a moment afterward he was gone.

He had scarcely vanished ere the same door opened again and a man with a hunted look glided into the room. Strouse fixed upon him a contemptuous look.

"What is it?" he demanded, showing his teeth like a wolf. "You look as though you have hounds at your heels."

A tremor passed over the frame of the person addressed and he sat silent in the chair he had taken.

"I am down and out," he whined as Strouse continued to regard him. "I must leave Berlin."

"Well, no one is going to detain you," snapped the Austrian. "I am not holding you back."

"But how am I to get away?"

"You have legs, my good fellow. You have a head on your shoulders, I see."

"Yes, but——"

The man was tottering forward when Strouse sprang up and pushed him back into his seat.

"Look here, Von Tuyl," cried he. "You must brace up. Because a fellow has been suspected by the police, he mustn't lose his nerve. Get out!"

The look which Strouse got from the man he never forgot.

"They dog me wherever I go," he groaned. "I have them on my track night and day."

"And you whine to keep them on the scent."

"I can't sleep. I——"

"Take a potion. You will find plenty of them in the stores."

Slowly the white-faced man rose and tried to pull himself together, but the effort was a dismal failure.

"It's not far to the frontier," and Strouse's hand encircled Von Tuyl's wrist. "You've been across it ere now."

"I know that."

Von Tuyl tottered toward the door with the Austrian hyena at his heels.

"Here," said the Emperor's spy, thrusting some bank notes into his hand. "Take this and go."

The next moment the lips of the Austrian were at Von Tuyl's ear.

"My God!" almost shrieked Von Tuyl with a reel. "I'll go. By my life, I'll put a thousand miles between me and Berlin. You'll never see Wilhelm Von Tuyl again."

Strouse went back to his clothless table and drank off a glass of wine.

"The fool!" came from between clinched teeth. "I have other work now and tomorrow night I'll see the adorable Isobel once more."

The night gave way to the rushing dawn. Berlin would soon be awake. The little Austrian threw himself upon a cot in one corner and fell almost instantly into a heavy slumber. All at once he came out of his somnolence with a little cry. He fastened his gaze upon something that seemed to glisten in one corner of the chamber, where the new dawn lay. It was a folded sheet of glossy paper which he knew was not there when he dropped off into sleep. Bounding from his couch he had it in his hands in a moment, and, coward that he really was, his teeth chattered like castanets.

He ran to the window and opened the paper. It took him but the fraction of a minute to read the scrawl that greeted his eyes.

"I am not going to let the serpent sting the empire," he read. "Her infernal beauty shall not be her shield. We have been friends for years and our cause is the same, but your threats shall not balk me. STREUVE."

Strouse crushed the paper in his hands and uttered a furious oath.

"You are going to inform on Mademoiselle Isobel, are you, Master Streuve?" he hissed, looking up with all the fury of a madman. "You have unlocked the vials of wrath and they will descend upon your traitorous head."

He tore the message into bits before his madness was in the least appeased; then he went over to a desk and took out an automatic.

Wolf was about to turn on wolf.

Half an hour later Strouse was trying to satisfy his appetite in his favorite cafe, but it was a task. Now and then he paused to curse the man who must have thrown that hateful message over the transom. At the door of the cafe he hailed a taxicab and, springing into it, ordered the chauffeur to drive him to the War Department.

He knew where to find the man he wanted and in a short time he was in the presence of the War Minister.

"I am getting at the mystery," said he, and the words drove some of the pallor from the Minister's face. "I shall soon throw some light upon the Von Roon tangle."

"Good!" was the exclamation. "We will never forget you, Strouse. You are worth more than the whole secret service."

The little Austrian bowed and grinned.

"But what is this I hear?" suddenly proceeded the War Minister. What is this whispering concerning Mademoiselle Isobel?"

The beating heart of little Strouse seemed to cease its pulsations.

"What have you heard?" he asked.

"I am informed that she is a dangerous person; that she is in the Czar's pay."

"It is worth that," cried Strouse, snapping his fingers. "What, a lady like Mademoiselle Isobel in the pay of Nicholas? The next thing to reach you will be that she killed Von Roon and took the document."

"Some women are capable of anything. There was Messalina and Agrippina——"

"Yes, and a whole category of fallen angels," broke in Strouse. "But Mademoiselle of all women! She belongs to the empire."

"I am aware of that."

"She has enemies, of course," Strouse proceeded. "Every beautiful woman nowadays has foes. Her beauty hems her round with hyenas who cannot gain her favors. May I ask who has tried to poison your excellency against Mademoiselle?"

"You will pardon me if I decline to answer, Herr Strouse."

The little Austrian said no more, but as he went down the steps of the War Department he clinched his hands and a growl parted his lips.

"What a fool I was to ask who the serpent is!" he hissed. "Take care, Streuve. There is doom at your heels," and with this he emerged from the building.

CHAPTER XI.

STROUSE MAKES LOVE.

THERE was no lordlier residence in the German capital than Count Buelow's. The great man was deep in the counsels of the nation and was a favorite of the Emperor's. Not only this, but he stood high in the diplomatic circles of the world and his functions were more than a nine days' wonder wherever they were known. To be invited to take part in one of these social events was to be regarded as a command and Mademoiselle Isobel was not the person to cast the invitation lightly aside.

When the night came for the entertainment the fair Alsatian, dressed in garments which accentuated her marvelous beauty, was whisked to the palace in her own limousine. Her thoughts, however, were not all upon the function. There was in her mind something else, and she thought of the passion which had for weeks obsessed her, the unraveling of secrets that might affect the destiny of Russia.

She found the palace thronged with the titled ones of Berlin; the wit and beauty of the empire filled the gorgeous halls and, amid the flashing of diamonds, mirth and gayety ruled the hour.

Involuntarily Isobel looked around for a certain face which she felt would surely be there. She had had more than an intimation that little Strouse would be present; indeed, he had said as much, and she had dazzled upon him in a manner which had increased his determination.

She did not start when her gaze fell upon his face. Count Buelow desired the presence of Austrian spies, for the capital was full of intrigue and he knew of no better man than Strouse to ferret it out, for he stood high as a secret agent.

Isobel, in her matchless manner, sang for the vast concourse. Standing on the great marble staircase where all could see her, she poured out her marvelous voice in song, captivating all, and forcing the jealous ones to pay tribute to her powers. When she had concluded she caught the searching eyes of Strouse and, taking his arm, they proceeded to the gardens. The little Austrian, proud of his triumph, bore himself haughtily, as though a queen leaned upon his arm, and they were soon in a secluded spot, where observation was next to impossible.

"This is the honor of my life, Mademoiselle," breathed Strouse, looking into the soulful eyes that beamed upon him.

"I am the honored one," replied Isobel, with a woman's command of flattery. "You are the sort of friend an exile loves to meet."

The wind came up the walk through the beautiful shrubbery and touched them gently. Overhead the stars showered their ambient light, and the lights of the garden danced like luminous fireflies.

"Tell me," suddenly said Isobel, as the conversation lagged for a moment. "What have the police done concerning that lamentable tragedy of the War Minister's carriage?"

The Austrian started.

"You know one must think of other things than one's daily avocation," she continued. "Tie me down to my work and I am almost in despair. I must have some excitement to follow and why not this very strange crime which has excited Berlin?"

"I believe the police are still at fault," answered Strouse. "It is hardly to be expected that with all their acumen they can unravel all the mysteries of the day."

"But this one is so glaring," said the star. "It strikes near to the seat of government. If I have been rightly informed the document which Von Roon was carrying to the palace meant much for the peace of Europe."

"I believe it was important."

"It must have been else a life would not have been sacrificed for it."

The little Austrian looked away.

"Do you think the police will ever find a clew?" asked Isobel.

"Clews are not so easily picked up nowadays," he replied with a little shrug.

"I understand."

"I suppose there are many that ever escape the keenest clew-hunters of the world."

"But this one!" cried Isobel. "Of course the empire will bend all its energies to the unraveling of the mystery?"

"As it should, mademoiselle."

It was evident that Strouse was eager to get to another subject, and in this Isobel suddenly came to his rescue.

"The young countess is very beautiful, don't you think?" she abruptly asked.

"She was ravishing in her loveliness, but all girls are supposed to be so at their coming out."

"I have heard that she is to become the bride of the Chancellor's son."

"Such is the rumor. I see that you women pick up all these little things."

"It is a part of our very existence," smiled Isobel. "Your friend Streuve told me——"

The look which darted from Strouse's eyes halted the Alsatian in the midst of her sentence.

"I was not aware that you had ever met Streuve!" he exclaimed.

"Whom have I not met?" laughed Isobel. "Herr Streuve is a good talker and——"

"I never thought so, pardon me," interrupted the little spy. "But then, perhaps, familiarity has something to do with one's impressions."

"You know him, of course?"

"I have met him many times," confessed Strouse.

"A countryman of yours, is he not?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"And a secret agent of his government?"

Strouse winced again.

"I have wondered," proceeded Isobel, "if I will ever come under Herr Streuve's suspicion?"

Whether she intended it or not, her words were the very door which little Strouse was seeking.

"Forewarned is forearmed," said he, leaning towards the Alsatian with a thrill of pleasure. "Streuve already suspects you, mademoiselle."

If he expected a start on Isobel's part he was keenly disappointed.

Her placid countenance evinced no surprise.

"The man is liable to denounce you at any time, mademoiselle."

"I would not have thought it from the bland Streuve," answered the star. "But then you cannot sound all men with the same plummet."

Her manner puzzled her vis-a-vis.

"Let me put you on your guard, mademoiselle," Strouse went on. "This man is capable of anything. If he should denounce you as the agent of the Czar Nicholas, unpleasant things might happen; but let me assure you that the wretch shall not accomplish his purpose so long as I can prevent."

She beamed upon him in a manner that sent a thrill of pleasure along every nerve.

"You are very kind," replied Isobel. "But I did not see Streuve in the palace tonight."

"He is here nevertheless, for I caught sight of him in the conservatory."

"Watching for his master, I suppose."

"Watching for a chance to carry out his devilish threat."

"Oh!" exclaimed Isobel with a toss of her head. "Don't you think we can outwit this man?"

"I can outwit him alone and I will," was the reply.

Her jeweled hand seemed to move unconsciously toward the enraptured Strouse and he picked it up and pressed it to his lips.

"I don't want unpleasant celebrity," she said in low tones. "My residence in Berlin is drawing to a close and it is not my desire to have the finale clouded."

"It would be an unfortunate ending to your triumphs," assented the Austrian.

"There are times when one appreciates a friend," murmured Isobel. "And should Streuve have designs against me a friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Mademoiselle, permit me to be that friend!" exclaimed Strouse. "I am devoted to your service. You have but to command Rupert Strouse to find him always a bulwark between you and your foes."

"You are very kind," and there came into the glowing eyes that again beamed upon the infatuated man a look that rang the chimes of hope in his soul. The long-sought-for hour had come. Drawn into the silken net of Isobel's casting, the little Austrian could hold his passion in leash no longer.

"You thrill me," he cried, turning full upon the beautiful woman. "You have drawn me to the gates of Paradise and you hold the key that will admit me to all the glory. You are the lodestar of my very existence, mademoiselle. I have worshiped you from the moment when first you crossed my path. I am ready to give up all my ambitions in this world to make you happy, happier than you are even now. Be the wife of Strouse and we will tread life's flowery pathways together, not in old Berlin, but on the beautiful little estate which has been granted me through the liberality of my Emperor."

The glow fled from the cheeks of Isobel. The hand, which little Strouse had taken again, trembled like a dew-laden lily, and suddenly, taking her in his arms, he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. There was but feeble resistance, but into the liquid eyes that were turned from him gleamed the dangerous light of a woman's triumph.

CHAPTER XII.

A WOUNDED HEART.

THE beautiful Alsatian returned to her abode satisfied with the triumphs and conquests of a night. Lassiter would come and then she would have him with her once more. As for little Strouse, he was filled with exquisite happiness. The moth could not see beyond the flame that had singed his wings, and while he rejoiced in secret, he resolved to have it out with Streuve before he could denounce Isobel as the spy of Russia.

Lassiter came soon after Isobel reached her rooms and her face glowed with the satisfaction that thrilled her every nerve. The Englishman was still full of the adventure of the infernal machine which had been dropped into his room by the man on the roof and which he consigned to the waters of the Spree, where it had disappeared forever.

"You have won," said he, looking into the lustrous eyes of the star as she held out her hands to welcome him. "I see that you have scored another victory."

"Two of them perhaps," she answered with a smile which enhanced her beauty.

Lassiter took a seat and continued eagerly: "Tell me who were there. You know I am interested in everything you do."

"It was a grand function," replied Isobel, watching him. "Do you want a description of the wonderful costumes?"

He laughed.

"I'll agree beforehand that they were immaculate. I know something of Count Buelow's friends. What interested you most?"

"It was Strouse," said Isobel, at which Lassiter started.

"What, the little Austrian fiend, the rascal who I believe has just tried to give me my passports to glory."

"What is that you say?" exclaimed the Alsatian.

"It was a little thing that ticked death in a monotone," he smiled. "It was scarcely larger than an egg, but it was powerful. The man on the roof——"

"Was Strouse?" interrupted Isobel.

"No, he was merely the Austrian's agent." And then Lassiter proceeded to relate the adventure of the infernal bomb.

During the story Isobel's face went white.

"I thank Heaven for your preservation!" she exclaimed. "Fortune surely favored you. Some time we will be beyond the reach of these things."

"Why not now?"

Lassiter leaned toward her and took her hand.

"Why not now?" he repeated, his love rising mountain high as he looked into her eyes.

She seemed on the verge of giving in. Her bosom heaved like little waves at sea and her lips trembled.

"It cannot be," she said at length. "You forget, Burke."

"I cannot forget," he answered. "But there is danger yet, danger for both of us."

"I know, but you must remember my oath of fealty to the Czar. When I have placed in his hands the document which was taken from the murdered Von Roon, we will think of love in another country, where there are no imperial spies and no cabals against human life. Let me tell you something. Europe is on the verge of war. These standing armies are only waiting for the unleashing. The blood-lust of kings must sooner or later drive all Europe over the precipice and the chasm must be filled by slaughtered thousands ere they will again listen to the cooings of the dove of peace."

"Where will we go when you have worked out your plans?" Lassiter eagerly inquired.

"To America perhaps. It is a land of the free, you know, and there we will not sit in the shadow of apprehension."

"It is the place for the exile," he answered. "I can offer you a home in England, but if the world-wide conflict comes the throne of Britain will tremble. But you say you were interested most in our old acquaintance, Herr Strouse?"

Isobel's eyes sparkled and her hand dropped from the arm of her chair.

"I was indeed interested in Strouse," said she. "He is a queer make-up of passion, intrigue——"

"And murder?" finished Lassiter.

"We will not go just that far yet," the Alsatian returned. "He made love to me at Count Buelow's ball."

Lassiter's face grew crimson with indignation.

"Made love to you, did he?" he flashed. "The dog."

"Come," said Isobel. "Save your spleen for another time. Herr Strouse made love to me. He is quite an adept in love-making and when he found that I was tractable——"

The Englishman interrupted with a fierce ejaculation.

"Now don't get jealous, my dear Burke," she exclaimed with a pretty toss of her head. "You have yet to learn a great deal about women. I have my moods, you know."

"But I must perforce draw the line at Strouse, the Austrian."

"We were in the gardens," she went on, taking no notice of Lassiter's outburst. "We discussed many things, but I led up to the tragedy of the War Minister's carriage. Herr Strouse told me that the police are still at sea. He discounts the supposition that Von Tuyl, the driver, had anything to do with it."

"What think you?"

"We will come to Von Tuyl later on," answered Isobel with a significant look. "I played my hand and Herr Strouse lost."

She paused so abruptly that Lassiter started. Evidently she was keeping something back from him. How far had she gone with Strouse?

"He told me that he has a pretty estate in Austria," she suddenly proceeded. "The Emperor gave it him in recognition of his valuable services. I presume I would be happy there from his description of the estate."

Lassiter was on tenter-hooks.

"You don't think you could be happy with this harpy?" he cried with jealousy gnawing at his heart. "You don't tell me that you listened to his declarations of love?"

"It was an ideal place for love-making," she replied. "There were the roses, the glorious walks, the green shrubbery, and we were so secluded that one might have thought one's self in a veritable Garden of Eden."

This was more than Lassiter could stand. He rose to his feet and went over to a window which looked out over the most beautiful portion of Berlin. His white hands were clinched, a fever ran riot in his blood, and his lips twitched. What manner of woman was this anyhow? Did she really mean that she had responded to the Austrian's love-making? Was he going to lose her after all to Strouse, who had attempted his life through some wretch armed with a death-dealing bomb?

She was watching him all the time, but her coolness was not abated.

"Burke?"

He turned and came back to her.

"You know," said she, "that I am in Berlin for a purpose. My triumphs are nothing to the ambition of my soul. You must wait, dear Burke."

"But you tell me that you listened to this man!" he cried.

"I did more than that. I let him kiss me."

"You?"

Lassiter's eyes flashed fire.

"What, this hyena, Strouse?" He clutched her arm and almost made her wince. "What if I turn from you? What if I hand you over to this paid spy of Austria? What if I take my few belongings now and go back to England, Isobel?"

She did not speak.

"I have been waiting for your command to die for you. I have already been in the shadow of death for your sake. I have felt the passing of Azrael and for you, for you, Isobel."

It was a strong man's plea. The whole soul of Lassiter was in his words and Isobel, without a change of countenance, was looking up at him as though she would drive him over the precipice of utter despair.

"Woman——"

Lassiter paused and turned away once more.

"Shall I break with you?" he exclaimed, whirling suddenly upon her. "Do you want to drive me from you?"

Isobel rose slowly to her feet and held out her hands.

"I love you, Burke," said she, her voice trembling as only a woman's voice can tremble when love is tugging at her heartstrings. "I am a woman with a mission. I believe that the discovery of the lost compact is the only thing that can avert war. It will arm Russia, that powerful nation which can control the fate of Europe only when she is forewarned. I must go to the end, however dark it may be. If I permit Strouse to love me, if I listen to his wooing, if I let him take me in his arms, it is for the one purpose that has armed me from the first."

Lassiter was silent.

"You may lose honor, love, life itself, if you go too far!" he cried at length, his soul breaking its bonds in his one great passion. "You are mad, woman!"

"Then for heaven's sake let my madness have its course," and she lifted her white face for his kiss, which he gave in silence, believing that the greatest enemy he had in the world had touched those same lips within the last few hours.

This remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

Mistletoe.

Although in many Christian homes mistletoe is displayed at Christmas time, it is remarkable how little is known of this curious plant. Mistletoe is a parasitic growth, appearing most frequently on apple trees, although it is also found on evergreens and on poplar, hawthorn, pear, and oak trees, but very rarely on the last named. It is an evergreen bush, about four feet in height, thickly crowded with branches and leaves. Unlike all other plants, its leaves extend down as well as up. The plant flowers every year, but does not bear the little whitish berries until it is four years old.

The mistletoe proper is found in various parts of Europe, especially of England and Normandy. In olden times it was considered a sacred plant, because its berries grow in clusters of three—emblematic of the Trinity. The ancient Celts used to hang sprigs of mistletoe around their necks as a safeguard from witches.

A prevailing superstition was that the maid who was not caught and kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married within the year, so the tradition goes. According to the old rules, the kissing was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off after each kiss and presented to the maiden. When all the berries were gone, the privilege ceased.

* * *

In Christmas shopping those people whom to remember is a matter of difficulty are the people to forget.

HANKS SPINK'S DISCOVERY.

What! hasn't some one told you
  Hanks Spink devised a plan
To marry off those girls of his,
  And get them each a man?
Well, all the folks at Easyville
  Have laughed at Hanks' smooth trick,
And if you'd seen the girls you'd think
  He worked it pretty slick.

For, mind you, those four girls of his
  They weren't a beauty-show;
But since they tell us "Pretty is,
  As pretty does," you know,
I s'pose that they were han'some, for
  As often is the case,
Folks said that they were kind of heart
  As they were plain of face.

The fleeting years went swiftly by,
  And though they set their caps,
And set them good and wide, Hanks' girls
  Could never catch the chaps.
And Hanks was jest about broke up
  With buying things to make
His daughters look attractive, yet
  They somehow didn't take.

One day Hanks threshed his buckwheat out,
  And ere he scarce knew what,
The cows came from the clover-field
  And broke into the lot,
And went to eating buckwheat-straw—
  Well, everybody knows
That buckwheat-straw for eating is
  The poorest stuff that grows.

And then Hanks thought awhile, and said
  "Wal, now, that's strange; an' yet
Them cows is jest like other folks—
  Won't hev what they c'n get;
But put a fence around that stuff
  We know ain't fit to eat,
An' they'll break in to get it, an'
  They'll think it mighty sweet."

And just from that suggestion
  Hanks devised a method which
He knew would catch the fellows,
  And he hit it good and rich.
He told his oldest daughter
  (Named Eliza) all about
His scheme, and made her promise
  That she would help him work it out.

Eliza had attained the age
  When even Hanks himself
Considered her as being sort of
  "Laid upon the shelf";
But Hanks was reconciled to that,
  "It's better so," said he;
"We'll need one girl at home to care
  For my old wife and me."

Hanks bought a brindle bulldog with
  Protruding under jaw;
He loaded up his shotgun, too.
  And then laid down the law.
"If any fellow dares to come
  "To steal my girls," he said,
"He'll find his carcass all chawed up,
  An' filled chock-full of lead."

Before that time those girls of Hanks'
  Had never missed a chance
Of being present everywhere,
  At party and at dance;
But now a sense of loneliness
  Crept 'round the festive hall,
The Spink girls were no longer there
  A-dressing up the wall!

Thereafter they were wanted much, and said,
  "We'd love to come.
But father will not let us, so
  We'll have to stay at home,"
And then the beaux, who'd never thought
  Of going there before,
All went to stealing up that way
  And hanging 'round the door.

The young men yearned to marry, but
  The girls said: "There's no hope
Of father's ere consenting," then
  The boys said: "Let's elope!"
And all the girls told 'Liza
  Everything 'twas said and done,
While the match-making sister planned
  A way for every one.

Well, just to make the story short,
  When Christmas Eve arrived
Three well thought-of elopements had
  By 'Liza been contrived.
And 'Liza and her parents—oh!
  They'd laugh, and laugh, and laugh!
About the way they worked their plan
  For catching birds with chaff.

And 'Liza did her task so well
  That not a sister knew
That there were others in the flock
  About to marry, too;
And on that Christmas Eve should walk
  The orange-blossomed path,
And then on Christmas morn return
  And face their father's wrath.

On Christmas Eve the sisters went
  Presumably to see
Friends scattered 'bout the neighborhood;
  And likewise 'Liza, she
Had planned to be away all night,
  And hear what folks would say
When it was known Hanks' daughters all,
  Save one, had "run away!"

But when they'd all set out for home
  Hanks' heart was aught but glad;
To have three daughters quit his roof
  Would make the old folks sad.
And just one thought kept down the sigh
  And drove away the tear,
They'd still have 'Liza, all their own,
  To fill their home with cheer.

The Christmas morn dawned bright and clear;
  The first eloping pair
Appeared, had been forgiven, and
  The second one was there;
And after that the third one came,
  But 'Liza, where was she?
Her absence seemed to cast a chill
  About the Christmas glee.

They searched her room and found this note:
  "Dear parents, please forgive,
But every throbbing heart must find
  Its own true life to live;
I could not see my sisters wed
  And leave me on the shelf;
Your 'buckwheat-straw plan' worked so well,
  I've caught a man myself!"

* * *

On the Quiet.

"I'll be thankful when Christmas is over," said Trazzler.

"Isn't it awful!" remarked the other man, grinning.

"I don't see how I'm going to survive another Christmas," Trazzler complained. "Last Christmas I went into the thing with the right spirit. I was going to be young again and enjoy Christmas with the kids. I went in for it good and strong.

"On Christmas Eve the kids were restless as the dickens! They didn't sleep well. It seemed as though they would never go to sleep. I read and read and read, waiting for a chance to get busy, but the kids simply would not go to sleep.

"At last we started to sneak downstairs, my wife and I, and one of the kids we thought was asleep wailed out, 'Mam-m-a! Where you going?'

"We had to wait a while longer.

"There were several things nailed up and I went down cellar to unnail them. Believe me, those things were nailed to stay! But I got one batch of stuff out while the kids bellowed to know where I was and what I was doing.

"There was another period of silent waiting. My wife wanted to know why I had made so much noise. She thought I should have been able to pull the nails out of the toughest wood on earth without making a sound.

"Then there were a number of things which had to be set up. Some of the parts were missing and others didn't fit, and I had a fierce time. Every now and then the kids would wake up and yell; 'Has Santy Claus come yet?' I'd yell back, 'No.' One of them yelled out: 'I thought I heard something!' Then I yelled in reply, 'You'll feel something in a minute!' I was good and mad by that time.

"We had a musical toy that went 'cook-er-la-cook!' It made that infernal noise every time I touched it. Really, it was a very interesting contrivance. I got to fooling with it, and my wife kept saying, 'Sh-h-h-h!' I found the thing fascinating and my wife got sarcastic. She said if I was going to play with that thing all night she was going to bed, for she was cold and sleepy.

"I gave the thing one more last merry 'cook-er-la-cook' and then there was a pattering of feet coming downstairs, so we had to put the lights out quick. The kids insisted that they had heard something, but their mother packed them back to bed. While she was doing it I sat down on the 'cook-er-la-cook' in the dark and finished it.

"Just about half an hour after we got to bed there was a horrible racket, and the kids were in possession of the things. I was sorry the 'cook-er-la-cook' was smashed, but everything was smashed before Christmas night. It was 'Fix this' and 'Fix that' all day Christmas, and what I couldn't fix the garbage men carried out next day. But I fixed a good many things and some of them I fixed several times. That's what makes Christmas pretty strenuous for me."

* * *

To Get Gifts.

"I notice," said Puffer, sadly, "that as a family you are being very attentive to Aunt Mary at this particular season. I think you must have a Christmas present in mind."

Mrs. Puffer was about to give voice to an emphatic denial when Puffer went on. "Aunt Mary is a pretty liberal present giver, but let me warn you that present seekers often get left.

"Once I got a purse for a Christmas present and there was a dollar in it. I figured that if I were to call upon my Uncle Nathaniel and show him the purse and the dollar he would add to my store of cash. On my way over to Uncle Nathaniel's I lost the purse and the dollar, and my Uncle Nathaniel gave me only five cents.

"Present seeking has been an abhorrent thing to me ever since. Whenever I see brides inviting a million people to their wedding I always think of that purse with the dollar in it and the five cents."

"But brides do get lots of presents that way," observed Miss Emily Puffer.

"Yes, they do. People will pay a lot for an invitation. And some people are so sweet and lovely about Christmas time that they remind me of a porter working for a tip.

"I know a man who is so amiable that you have to give him a cigar. Some people make you feel as if you simply had to give them presents."

"It isn't that they want presents so badly," insisted Mrs. Puffer, "as it is that they fear being left out. They must make a showing. Every Christmas there is a comparison among friends to see who has the most and the finest presents. If Mary Swivel has given me a present and has not given Elvira Simlin one, that is a feather in my cap."

"And," remarked Puffer, "if you have more presents than she, that is as much an advantage to you as if you had a longer tickler on your hat."

* * *

Shopping With Her.

Mamie and I went Christmas shopping together yesterday. We spent all afternoon and $3.60. However, I gather from my married friends that ours was a successful shopping tour. We looked at a million dollars' worth of stuff and examined most of it very closely.

For almost an hour we loitered in a jewelry store. We didn't know what we wanted when we went in, so we began by looking at the diamond tiaras and sunbursts. They were beautiful. So were the pearls. Pearls are especially fine this year. There were several ropes of 'em stout enough to hang our week's wash on. Then we asked the clerk to show us the line in purses. Some silver mesh purses this year are bringing as high as $75 and $100. Mamie said they were exquisite, and the clerk very pleasantly agreed with her. Finally we compromised and bought a 75-cent hatpin for her sister Florence, paying cash for same.

From the jewelry store we wandered to the fur shop. Our fancy was especially smitten by several sets of sables. We looked for several minutes at one set marked $1,000. Mamie actually handled it.

She whispered to me that it made her $35 set look cheap. I soothed her a bit by pointing out that the clasps on her set and on the $1,000 outfit were very much alike. The fur store man showed signs of impatience here. Mamie told him not to wait; if he had something else to do it wouldn't offend her a bit if he went away. "We're not going to buy today," she said sweetly. "We're just looking."

"Just looking," is a great amusement for Mamie, but it bores me somewhat. We went into a store to buy a toy for our nephew. We began selecting this toy in the crockery department in the basement; examined all the cut glass and machine-painted china; looked over the steins; inspected the silverware display, wandered through the misses' and children's clothing department, pawed over a counter full of kimonos; picked up a few ideas in the millinery exhibit (Mamie trims her own hats), looked at the suits and finally reached the toy display by way of the underwear counters. We paid a dollar for a mechanical contrivance, and then Mamie wanted to leave the store by the same route. I saw a direct path to the front door, and made her take it. Then she called me impatient, and said she hoped that she would never have to go shopping with me again. So far as I am concerned I hope she gets her hope.

* * *

Holly.

Nothing is quite so "Christmassy" as holly, and to most of us its dark green shining leaves and brilliant scarlet berries seem symbolical of the real spirit of the joyous Yuletide.

The decoration of houses with holly dates way back to the old, old pagan times, when ancient peoples held a yearly feast at the time of the blooming of the holly, in honor of the god of agriculture, who made the cheerful holly to shine forth over the snow when all things else were bare of leaves and no green plant showed its face on the face of the earth.

In the beginning the church forbade the Christians to deck their dwellings with its greens, fearing the custom savored too much of the ancient heathen rite, but later such good and far-seeing men as Augustine and Gregory made splendid use of the old custom and not only allowed the people to make their homes gay with evergreens, but persuaded them to decorate public shrines and churches as well.

Mistletoe was not brought into the churches in those early times, as the people still held it too closely connected with the pagan ceremonies.

* * *

Shopping Efficiency.

Approaches now that joyous time
  Of feast and mistletoe and holly,
So let us pen a rousing rhyme
  And be preposterously jolly.
Plunge gayly, then, into the throng.
  Some with fatigue are nearly dropping.
We'll catch the pace and go it strong
  Amid the rush of Christmas shopping.

Now is the time of laughter gay;
  Each jest is—or at least seems—funny.
One laughs, but one thinks, "Lackaday!"
  When one counts up one's spending
    money!
One's purse is lamentably slim,
  And—curses on base calculation!
Let's buy according to our whim,
  And dodge reciprocal vexation!

Buy this and that and t'other thing,
  Nor think of obligations any!
We'll purchase freely as a king
  While there is left a single penny!
Be governed by the present mood;
  A Christmas whim, let it be trusted,
And you will feel true gratitude—
  You will be happy when you're
    "busted."

* * *

The Christmas Carol

Christmas carols originated, it is thought, in the eleventh century. They were sung between the scenes of the mystery and miracle plays. These plays were the popular form of religious entertainment, and between the scenes it was the custom to introduce songs dealing with the redemption of mankind.

The songs naturally became fixed in the popular memory. At the Christmas gatherings later it was customary to call upon each person present to sing, and the merrymakers generally sang songs which had been handed down by their fathers. So those which were sung at the plays emerged as Christmas songs, and thus the carol was evolved.

During the time of Oliver Cromwell the wave of Puritanism overswept Christmas festivities, and merrymaking was abolished. Later, when Charles II. came to England's throne, celebrations were resumed, and the carols became popular once more.

Pansy Wayne's Honeymoon

Or, The Green Motor Cloak

By C. Mackie

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 50, December 12. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE WINDOW.

"NEVER coming back—eh?" Lew Petty's voice snarled the question through the open door. "Then, who's going to pay me, I want to know?"

Pansy lifted her tear-stained face and slowly dragged herself to her feet. There was a dazed look in her eyes but her lips found mechanical speech.

"I shall go away in the morning," she said; "I can pay you for a night's lodging."

"Very well," he growled, turning away.

"Did my—my—did Mr. Wayne go away in his car?"

"He didn't walk!" retorted the old man significantly. "Didn't you hear the blamed thing snorting out there in the yard?"

"Yes," said Pansy wearily. "Please give me some matches before you go, Mr. Petty; and couldn't I have half a dozen candles? This room is so very dreary and lonesome and dark with a single light."

Mr. Petty gave her a box of matches from one of his capacious pockets, showed her plenty of candles in a chimney cupboard and then went away, his heavy boots echoing down the bare passages.

Pansy Wayne locked and bolted the door and hurriedly lighted half a dozen candles, setting them on mantel, washstand and dresser. Soap dishes and tumblers made effective candlesticks.

Then she picked up the crumpled note and re-read it with horrified eyes.

The words were scrawled unevenly with pencil, but there was no mistaking Dick's writing.

"Pansy: We have made a horrible mistake. I am taking this method of ending it. Will send a car for you tomorrow and you can return home and forget me. God forgive me—but I never loved you! DICK."

What a cruel, cold-blooded message to receive from her husband of a short week! Dick not love her? Pansy laughed hysterically. Why, his devotion had been the talk of their fashionable set—and even if his words were true and he had not loved her, why had he married her? Not for her riches, for he was a rich man himself. Perhaps from pique over a disappointment in love for some other girl.

Jealous pangs tore at Pansy's loving heart. The very thought of Dick's loving any other girl save herself was unbearable. Yet she must go through life bearing this sorrow.

"I cannot—cannot believe it!" she sobbed; "never by word or look has he shown aversion to me and he could never have deceived me—yet—the note!" She stared at it with swollen eyes that were rain-swept pansies now.

Dick's writing——!

"He is mad—quite mad, then," decided Pansy Wayne at last. "I must keep cool and collected now. I shall need all my strength for whatever comes. In the morning I will pay for this night's lodging and perhaps the Pettys will drive me to the nearest town. Then I will telegraph to father and have him come for me."

In this heroic manner the little bride of a short week took up her cross of pain. Dick's luggage and her own was scattered over the floor and she busied herself putting the traveling boxes and bags in some order. In Dick's Gladstone bag she found a small automatic revolver with the necessary ammunition.

Fortunately she had learned to use the weapon, for Dick had given her lessons during their happy engagement.

"One never knows when a woman will meet one," Dick had said, but he had not dreamed that it would be under such terrible circumstances as this.

So Pansy loaded the revolver and slipped the box of cartridges in her bosom. There was a pocket in the satin petticoat she was wearing; her money and valuables were pinned in there. She added the little revolver and the feel of it as it knocked against her ankles gave her courage and a sense of protection.

She threw the green silk motor coat over a chair and hung the bonnet beside it; then she packed a bag with the most necessary wearing apparel and locked the little trunks so that they might be sent for after her departure. Then, thoroughly weary, she threw herself, fully dressed, across the bed, and sank into an uneasy slumber.

The wind rose in the night and played fitful pranks around the Inn of the Drum and Bell. Pansy Wayne awoke suddenly to find the candles flickering in a strong draught and the distant sound of a beating drum and a tolling bell ringing in her ears. She sat up, dazed for a moment by the situation, then realization burst upon her sore and troubled heart. She was all alone in the lonely inn. Dick had deserted her because he never loved her. She would always be alone after this.

What was that sound? The beating of a drum? How strange at this hour and in this place. And a ringing bell! Cold shudders possessed the frightened little bride as she cowered in the great bed. This was the Inn of the Drum and Bell—were these ghostly manifestations? They sounded faint and elusive as if coming from some vast distance—out of space, perhaps, yet near enough to be plainly distinguishable.

Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!

Clang——cling——clang!

Suddenly it ceased abruptly and there was nothing save the moaning of the wind through the loose shingles of the house and the rush of the river beneath her window.

"It was a dream," murmured Pansy, hopefully, as the ghostly sounds were not repeated, but she could not sleep again. She lay on her pillow with her face turned toward the window that overhung the river. The candle light was reflected in the small, square windowpane, and Pansy watched its dancing flame with sorrowful eyes from which all sleep had fled.

All at once her eyes widened in terror. Something had replaced the reflection of candlelight in the windowpane. A man's face was pressed close to the glass and he was searching the room with pale, bulging eyes.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREEN MOTOR CLOAK.

PANSY'S hand crept down to the pocket in her petticoat. She had removed her linen frock and had slipped into a loose negligee, so that, amid the folds of satin and lace, her movements were hidden.

Those bulbous, light eyes in the window finally came to the bed on which Pansy was lying, looking at the man through the downcast fringes of her long eyelashes. To all outward appearances Pansy Wayne was fast asleep.

The face drew back for an instant; then a pair of arms were raised to the window and the entire sash was deftly and noiselessly removed from the opening. As the man stepped inside there came a rush of wind and the roaring sounds of the river below. He reached out and closed the heavy wooden shutters before turning into the room. Pansy watched him with beating heart. She recognized with a start that he was one of the laborers who had warned them against entering the crossroad that led to the main-traveled highway. It was this man who had directed them to the Inn of the Drum and Bell.

A great light suddenly burst upon Pansy's understanding. These two men had been set to decoy them to the lonely inn by the river. Undoubtedly the crossroad, if investigated, would be found to be entirely passable. If that was the case and robbery had been their evil design, then Dick's note might have been false—and where was Dick now? Perhaps murdered and his body in the river bottom! Dick had carried some handsome jewels and a large supply of money in his clothing.

Pansy's heart hardened now and her fingers gripped the butt of the revolver with grim intensity of purpose. The man moved toward the dresser, explored it with one swift glance, went to the closet, glanced inside and passed by the trunks with a careless glance. Then his eyes fell upon the green motor cloak and bonnet and with a grunt of satisfaction he gathered them up and left the room by way of the door.

When Pansy was alone she fell to trembling, but the recollection of her great discovery that perhaps Dick was not faithless after all, braced up her sinking courage. She determined to remain in the bed and await further developments. One amazing question assailed her puzzled mind. Why, out of all the valuable articles in the room, had the man chosen her green motor cloak and bonnet? Certainly Mrs. Petty had not coveted them, although that ancient and slatternly dame had stared keenly at the unusual garment.

Pansy lay and listened to the moaning of the wind outside and the droning of the river. What ghastly story might that secret river tell? Another sound broke through the noise of wind and river. It was the faint, distant "chut-chut-chut" of a motorcycle. Pansy's thoughts flew to the ill-omened face she had seen that morning. That dark, saturnine countenance had been a premonition indeed! How the man had stared at her—why?

The motorcycle was coming nearer. There was a sudden commotion below stairs. A door slammed in the wind and rough oaths sounded beneath the window of the Tapestry Room. Suddenly the motorcycle stopped and a heavy silence took possession of the inn on the river. Pansy got up and re-locked the door. Then she put out all the candles until the room was dark, and went to the window and cautiously opening the shutters, looked out.

At first all she could distinguish was a black bulk of an adjoining wing of the main building; then, as her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, objects took form out of the night. Directly beneath her window was the roof of a porch that projected over the river. The adjoining wing overhung the river and must have constituted the ancient mill, for the rotting mill wheel was still visible. The river splashed against the decayed blades of the wheel with an ominous hissing sound; a mist came up from the water, and there was a dank smell of dampness and decayed vegetation.

Pansy closed the shutters, thankful for the strong hook that fastened them to the window-sill. Then she crossed to the other window and, kneeling on the floor, looked out into the yard in which the river road had so abruptly ended. One pane was gone from the window. There was a lighted space near the house where the reflection from the windows lay on the ground, but beyond that was total darkness.

From that darkness came the gruff murmur of voices, a slight rumble as if some heavy vehicle was being rolled into the barn.

"It is the motorcyclist!" murmured Pansy. "What can he want here at this dreadful Inn of the Drum and Bell?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD MILL'S SECRET.

IT WAS after one o'clock when Pansy arose from her vigil by the window. She was none the wiser for watching the shadowy yard, for no sound came from it after the first half hour. It was as if the men had either sought the seclusion of the woods or they had entered the house by some other way unobserved by the lone watcher in the Tapestry Room.

"I will try to find Mrs. Petty," decided Pansy at last. "I will tell her my story and perhaps she will help me. She looked different from these people—certainly she cannot refuse to help another woman."

Our little bride slipped off her shoes, took her pistol from its hiding-place, put on her trig linen frock and cautiously unbarred the door into the hall. The door opened on well-oiled hinges and she stepped into the corridor and closed it behind her without a sound. There she hesitated.

Should she turn to the right or the left? She had entered the Tapestry Room from the left-hand passage and she knew that that way led down to the front hall and the parlor. She remembered that the stairs had creaked. The right-hand passage must lead to the rear rooms and it was possible that only the back rooms of the old inn were habitable, as was the Tapestry Room.

So Pansy turned to the right and crept through the darkness, a timid mouse daring a lion's deed, for did not intrigue and danger and death itself lurk in that grim, old building?

The passage was long, with a door here and there to break the wall spaces. Pansy scratched timidly at the different doors, not daring to knock, yet hoping that Mrs. Petty might be awake and hear the faint sound. But there was no response and she turned the corner of the passage without being any the wiser for her adventure.

The cross passage was short and had three features. A steep staircase leading to the lower floor; a window, and lastly a curious little door perhaps three feet in height. Pansy had seen such doors in old-fashioned houses; doors that led into attics or kitchen lofts.

But, studying the architecture of the house, Pansy decided that the door must lead into that long, dark wing which led out to the river and which once had been the old mill.

"Perhaps I could escape through that way," thought Pansy as she turned the knob of the little door. She blew out the wax match she had cautiously scratched and tossed it aside. The little door gave to her touch. She entered a musty-smelling place. Rats scurried in the walls and mice squealed from the corners as they ran pelmell before her coming.

Pansy Wayne was deathly afraid of mice and rats, but tonight, she told herself, she must know no fear of living or dead, because she was going to find her husband and to find him she must first escape from this den of iniquity. Pansy lighted match after match to find her way. This appeared to have been a sort of granary, for it was filled with wooden bins. Pansy dared to open one and what she saw there she never forgot. In after years, she would awake with a scream of fright at its recollection. Huddled in the bottom of the long-unused bin was a human skeleton. Around it were wrapped rotting fragments of a man's clothing. Pansy saw the bony hand—the eyeless sockets—and dropped the lid with a bang that echoed through the desolate place.

Now she was frightened indeed. Not of that poor, dead thing in the bin, but of the living, evil things who lived below. Suppose they heard this sound and came to investigate? Minutes passed and no one came. Pansy gained courage Perhaps they dared not come—perhaps they believed the sound to be some ghostly manifestation by that poor, murdered creature.

Perhaps they would mistake the sound for the slamming of a shutter.

She must hasten now, for if they investigated her room and found she had gone they would soon pursue her. Even the loneliness of the thick woods would be more protection than these ghastly walls. So Pansy went on her way, her little silk-stockinged feet slipping noiselessly over the dusty boards. She came to an opening in the floor. A steep ladder led to the floor below. That way led to freedom.

Pansy gathered her skirts about her, stepped on to the dusty rounds of the ladder and went down, clinging to the rounds with both hands. Her revolver was thrust in her belt. When she reached the bottom, Pansy found that she was on the ground floor of the old mill. The room was empty and all the windows were barred. The one door that led outside was closed up and the door that led into the inn was locked on the other side. Pansy felt like an unhappy mouse caught in a trap. There seemed to be no way out of the mill unless she returned up those steep ladders and escaped down the front stairs, and those were undoubtedly guarded.

Perhaps there was still another floor below this one which was not level with the ground. Pansy sacrificed another precious match and searched the room. Ah! Over in the northwest corner was another square opening like a black pit. She shuddered as she dropped the blazing match down the hole and looked. There was a damp stone floor at the foot of the ladder.

Pansy drew a breath of relief. At least there was a floor—she had feared that the river flowed beneath her.

Once more she descended a ladder. Her feet reached the stones below. The roar of the river was very near now; but another sound close at hand seemed to drown every other sound and to freeze the blood in her veins.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

PERHAPS.

Beneath a spray of mistletoe
I saw my lady fair.
She paused and looked at me as though
She didn't know 'twas there.
Perhaps her innocence was feigned,
Perhaps 'twas but a scheme,
Perhaps my longing I restrained,
Perhaps 'twas but a dream.
Perhaps!

Her laughing lips were luscious, red;
Twin holly berries they;
While just above her dainty head
There hung the other spray.
Perhaps my heart beat high with hope,
Perhaps with nameless fear,
Perhaps I went away to mope,
Perhaps I hovered near.
Perhaps!

No fairer lady in the land
I fain would have you know,
Had ever taken up her stand
Beneath the mistletoe.
Perhaps I left her in despair,
Perhaps I wrote a rhyme;
Perhaps I'll tell what happened there,
Perhaps, some other time.
Perhaps!

* * *

A Christmas Legend

There is a beautiful German legend—a variation of others of like nature known the world over—that on every Christmas Eve the Christ-child wanders, bearing on his shoulders a bundle of evergreens. Through city streets and country lanes, up and down hill, to proudest castle and lowliest hovel, through cold and storm and sleet and ice, this Holy Child travels, to be welcomed or rejected at the doors at which he pleads for succor. Those who would invite him and long for his coming set a lighted candle in the window to guide him on his way hither. They also believe that he comes to them in the guise of any alms-craving, wandering person who knocks humbly at their doors for assistance, thus testing their benevolence. In many places the aid rendered the beggar is looked on as kindness shown to the Savior.

MANY SANTAS.

Today my mamma took me down
  To visit Santa Claus,
But said I mustn't pout or frown
  Or ask for candy, 'cause
It isn't every boy in town
  Can go see Santa Claus.

But I bet you would wonder, too,
  And frown, if you was me;
For what we saw 'fore we was through
  With books did not agree—
Not one, but more than forty-two
  Old Santas did we see.

One kind of thin one stood beside
  A big old ugly goose
That had its mouth all open wide,
  Like if its teeth was loose;
And I stretched up to peek inside,
  But 'twasn't any use.

And one was fat, and one was red,
  And one was crowned with holly;
One had a fur hat on his head,
  And he looked awful jolly,
And one sat on a little sled
  Beside a great big dolly.

I've wondered till I'm sleepy, and
  Until I've almost cried,
Are all of them in Santa's band?
  Or have some men just tried
To dress like folks from Santa-Land?
  Now, how can I decide?

Since every year such business brings,
  I guess it must be true
The Really Santa's making things
  As fast as he can do—
Still in his workshop making things
  To bring to me and you.

* * *

Before Christmas.

Kitty (of the neckwear department—"Merry Christmas, indeed! If I thought Christmas'd ever get the habit of coming more'n once a year I'd—now, where do you s'pose my book is? I never saw such a place. Can't lay a thing down for a minute without somebody coming along and picking it up right under your nose!

"No, I never said you took it, Mabel Mahoney. I never saw such folks for thinking a person means them when she says the most innocent thing. Why, Sadie Peterson, what you doin' with my book? I'd like to know how a person's going to keep track of her sales when every time she lays her book down somebody picks it up and——

"Well, I never said you didn't just pick it up to hand it to me. Of course, I was going to thank——

"Yes'm, the holly boxes is right over there. Aisle 5. Yes'm, right behind them books.

"Well, for the land's sake, quit your sewin', anyway. I'm sure you're welcome to all the books in the place if you'll just shut up for a minute or two.

"My land, I feel like all my toes was wrong side up, I'm that tired.

'Yes'm, the holly boxes is right over here. Aisle 6. Right back of them books.

"Well, forevermore! What do you know about that?

"Lost something? I just guess I have. My handbag's gone, sure as you're alive! Sure it is. I left it layin' right here not half an hour ago.

"Well, you know I ain't accusin' nobody. I ain't that kind. But all the same it looks mighty funny to me—I never said you was anywhere near it. Well, for the land's sake, keep still for a minute and let me think. How many times do I have to tell you that I know you wasn't anywhere near it?

"Yes'm, the holly boxes is right over there. Aisle 6, or maybe it's aisle 4. Better ask the floorwalker. Honest, I'm so crazy about that handbag, I don't hardly know what I'm saying. Well, I'll tell you this much, Sadie—what I think about a person I say to her face. If I though you'd took it I'd say so quick.

"Well, no, there wasn't so much money in it, not more'n about a quarter, I guess, but there was lots of samples of one thing and another, and my Christmas list and a picture of Jim and——

"Yes'm, the holly boxes is right over there. Aisle 7. Right behind the stationery. No'm, you can't get through this way. You'll have to go around. Yes'm, I'm sorry, but the aisle here's blocked.

"No'm, we ain't got nothin' cheaper than these. You'll have to go downstairs. Look at the sales we're missin' because somebody don't know enough to keep the stock up?

"Say, Sadie, that apple I had that I tucked right in here behind these boxes—you remember, don't you? Well, say, it's gone! Did you ever know anything to beat that?

"Well, don't you suppose I know you never took it? You certainly do beat everything for thinking a person means you every time.

"Honest, I'm getting gray-headed worrying about that bag. I'd give a penny to know where it is. And that apple disappearing just like it had legs and could walk off by itself!

"Honest, I ache clear to the bone. Seems like I'd die before this day's over.

"Yes'm, the holly boxes is right over there behind the candy counter.

"Then there was that handkerchief my Sunday-school teacher give me on my birthday. Do you recollect how I looked for it and couldn't find it anywhere?

"Well, yes, I found it after a while, but it looked mighty funny to me that I should have to look and look and then find it right under my nose.

"Yes'm, the holly boxes is right—where are they, anyway, Sadie? You tell her.

"Christmas is the glad old game, ain't it? I'd give anything to jump right over the first of January and have it done with. Well, maybe I don't mean quite that. I'm just crazy about it when it comes, but, land! this here gettin' ready for it!

"It's a cinch if I don't find my handbag with my list in it there won't nobody get anything off of me.

"Yes'm, the holly boxes is right over there behind them handkerchiefs. Say, I wisht I never would hear the word 'holly boxes' again as long's I live. I'm just getting to hate the sound of 'em. And I don't seem to be finding my handbag or my apple, either.

"Well, now, wouldn't that jar you? There they both are, tucked away behind this box! That certainly looks mighty funny. I bet somebody put 'em there while I wasn't looking.

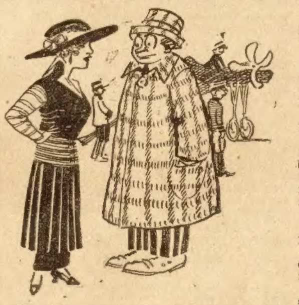
"You know just's well's I do that I ain't accusing nobody, but I say it does look funny. Oh, well, I don't care if you do get mad.

"Why, girlie, you ain't cryin', are you? Say, don't that serve me just right for actin' so ugly? I bet I'm the meanest——

"Yes, I am, too, but, girlie, if you knew how tired I am!

"Yes, of course you know. You're just as tired as I am. Say, let's go out and get a cup of good strong coffee and see if we can't forget that Christmas is coming!"

* * *



He—"So you're going to be married?"
She—"Yes—to an aviator. Mourning is so becoming to me!"

* * *

Dogs.

"I see by the paper that two men and one woman are having a lawsuit over a dog," commended Flobdogget. "A foolish thing to have a lawsuit about."

"I don't know," said Oshkins. "People fight over children and husbands and things. Why not dogs? Dogs are all right."

"Yes, there has been a lot of fine talk about dogs. The good and faithful dog haunts his master's grave. He saves the child from drowning. He insists on people's coming to the rescue of a small boy hanging by his coattail, which coattail is just on the point of giving way and precipitating the boy to the bottom of a ten-story chasm.

"In real life I have never found dogs quite so faithful. They don't deserve to be dignified by lawsuits.

"There's that dog of Highstepper's. Highstepper thinks his dog the only one in the world. He believes that if he were to die that faithful creature would refuse to eat. But would he?

"Every time I pass Highstepper's house that dog of his comes out, trots alongside of me, twists himself sideways, sniffs and wiggles, doing all the ingratiating and attractive stunts he knows, coaxing me to notice him. If I were to wink at him he'd follow me home.

"They are all like that. They are not all grave sitters and starvers because their masters are dead.

"Potter thought he wanted a dog. Some one offered him an Airedale. Potter didn't know what an Airedale dog was, and this was the only way he could find out. He was presented with an Airedale puppy, fat as a piano, with exactly the same kind of legs. Potter said he wanted it for his daughter. His daughter said it was nice for mother. Mother said she had absolutely no use for dogs.

"They formulated a lot of rules for the pup's conduct, none of which has ever been observed. All that pup has to do is to wiggle and snort and wag his tail and he gets anything he wants. Potter was showing me what a smart dog he had the other day and set down a saucer of cream. The pup wiggled over and sat down in it. You ought to have seen Potter.

"Dogs are not being faithful all the time. They have plenty of time for other things."

* * *

Her Question.

The marine barracks at Washington was visited on one occasion by a party of young girls from a Delaware town, friends of one of the officers of the barracks. The party exhibited much interest in everything pertaining to the life and discipline of the post.

"What do you mean by 'taps'?" queried one of the young women.

"Taps is played every night on the bugle," answered the officer addressed. "It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers."

A puzzled look overspread the questioner's face. Then she asked:

"What do you do if you haven't a dead soldier?"

* * *

For Her Friend.

"You may tell me about the funeral when you get time, Ambrosia," said Mrs. Jefferson, sending the woman of all work a kindly glance.

"Whut about, Mis Jef'son?"

"Why, all about it. I am interested."

"'Twan't nuffin' 'bout hit, Mis Jef'son. Reverend Brother Kelley Hays done funalize de remains, an' we had the berryin', an' I come erlong home."

"How did Antiphlogistine bear up beneath her loss?"

"'Gistine wa'n't dar."

"Surely she did not permit her husband to be buried and she not present?"

"Yassum, she had a engagement."

"An engagement! But——"

"Yassum. Huh mou'nin' dress wa'n't quite done, an' huh had to try hit on."

"Do you mean to tell me that she remained away from her husband's funeral in order to try on a dress?"

"Yassum. Cerulean, huh take huh place."

"Cerulean did what?"

"Huh take Gistine's place."

"But how could any one take the widow's place at a funeral? Cerulean was not even related to Antiphlogistine's husband!"

"No'm, huh wan' no kin. But Cerulean de bestes' mou'ner in de city."

"The best mourner in the city? It is not possible that I understand you, Ambrosia! You surely do not mean me to understand that Cerulean pretended to mourn for a man to whom she was not related."

"No'm."

"I should think not! Then what did you mean?"

"Cerulean didn't p'etend, huh sho nuff did mou'n. Cerulean done promise to mou'n fo' me sposen Ah dies fus."

"But she is a friend of yours. She scarcely knew Antiphlogistine's husband."

"No'm, but huh mou'n scrumptious! Huh almos' tip de coffin ovuh, an' huh broke de pahlo' lamp, and huh faint dead in front ob free drug sto's."

"Fainted in front of three drug stores?"

"Yessum, dat was all de drug sto's dey was. Fainted dead, and hatter be toted inside an' given somepin outen a bottle and revived."

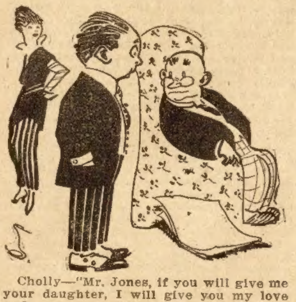
"An' she did that three times?"

"Yassum, an' huh almos' fainted in front ob a hardware sto', but huh seen huh mistake in time."

"It must have indeed been an edifying spectacle. What do you suppose Antiphlogistine will think of such carryings on? Don't you suppose she will pay Cerulean back in some manner?"

"No'm. Cerulean 'Gistine's friend; huh don' wan' no pay. Huh mou'n fo' huh frien's free."

* * *



Cholly—"Mr. Jones, if you will give me your daughter, I will give you my love and respect for the rest of your life!"

Old Jones—"Well, if you'll promise not to throw in your society, too, take her!"

* * *

Looked That Way.

The old man went to the platform and studied the bulletin board seriously. Then he returned to the window. "Did you say my train would be 'long in ten minutes, suh?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes, uncle."

"I jes' axed you, suh, 'cause I ain't got my rabbit foot bout me, and dat dere board says, 'All trains on time 'cept one,' and I was jest figuring dat dat one would be mine."

"All the trains are on time. Some one's tampered with the bulletin board!" declared the clerk, and rushed to the pltaform.

He stared for a moment at the board, then at the old negro. Slowly his face relaxed into a broad grin. The bulletin read:

"All trains on time—Sept. 1."

SQUARING THINGS.

It is true I've forgotten the day, sweetheart;
  We were married just ten years ago.
Perhaps you are right—and yet for my part
  I can scarcely believe it is so!
Day glides into day in the endless bliss
  That you have brought me, my dear,
So I heed not the flight of time, and this
  Seems to me but our very first year!

And I have forgotten your flowers today!
  I am sorry, dear heart; it is true,
But my wits have wandered so sweetly astray!
  I've been dreaming, my darling, of you!
And so, without gifts of beauty or pelf,
  I stand, a culprit, dear wife;
I can offer only my love and myself,
  And the pledge of the same for life!

There! I am forgiven, and all is well:
  Our joy in the day lacks naught;
For joy is a thing that the shops don't sell,
  And with love alone is it bought!
I am glad 'tis thus. In this costly age,
  With its prices so high above,
All I can afford, on my present wage,
  To give you, my own, is love!

* * *

MOTHER GOOSE IN RENO.

There was a maid of our town,
  And she was most unwise;
She wed a man at one day's sight —
  Her friends she would surprise.
But when she found the joke on her,
  With all her might and main,
She hied her out to Reno town
  And soon was free again.

Susannah Grundy
Met him on Monday,
Liked him on Tuesday,
Accepted him Wednesday,
Married him Thursday,
Left him Friday,
Reno on Saturday
Free again Sunday—
This is one cycle of Susannah Grundy.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
  His wife could eat no lean.
They took it to the Reno courts—
  Divorce came quick and clean.

* * *

SOME GIRLS I KNOW.

Ann talks of culture, long and deep,
  Though Ann, indeed, is not magnetic.
She talks until I fall asleep—
  A sort of gentle Ann esthetic.

Of fair Louise I sing, for she's
  A dream in bathing suit of blue.
She seemed today a mermaid gay,
  And thus I met my water Lou.

There's Anna; she was quite morose;
  To melancholia she seemed fated.
She married. Now she's quite jocose,
  The wedding made her Anna mated.

Sweet Alice causes me to sigh,
  She melts my heart that's far from callous.
Light of my life! She's really my
  Most bright Aurora borealis.

* * *

The Land of the Free.

The Prince of Monaco, who, having had both an English and an American wife, knows whereof he speaks, said of marriage at a dinner:

"Through marriage a French woman gains her liberty, an English woman loses hers, and an American woman——" The Prince paused and looked quizzically about him.

"Yes? The American woman?" said a debutante.

"The American woman," ended the prince, "continues to do as she likes."

* * *

Corrected.

Mr. Gotrox—"That there sculptor feller says he's a-goin' to make a bust of me."

Mrs. Gotrox—"Henry, it's just terrible the way you talk. Say 'burst.'"

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck.

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls.

"Finally, we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since.

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly**. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—Sold by Grocers.

How He Reformed

By Lucius Withers

IT WAS Alma Mater night. They, four hundred of them, who held the old college in veneration, had gathered in Sherry's brilliant dining-room for the annual celebration.

About and about the toasts had run. Long ago the regular ones had been disposed of, and following them those others of an extemporaneous nature which, after all, are generally the best.

From somewhere down the long table Bob Griffith's voice boomed: "What's happened to Billy Eldridge? Why can't he talk?" Immediately the others caught it up: "Billy Eldridge, Billy Eldridge! Why can't he talk?"

And he did.

Half way down the table a tall broad-shouldered man of thirty or thereabouts got to his feet. His laughing black eyes swept the gathered guests. Billy Eldridge, third in his class, Skull and Bones, right halfback of eight years before, and a lawyer in politics who somehow failed to get on as rapidly as his friends had expected, began speaking.

There was not a man in the crowd who did not love Billy Eldridge for his historically open heart and hand. He had been the idol of his classmates, and now the thunder of their palms smote the air.

Eldridge lifted his glass. Silence fell upon those about the board, for was not Billy Eldridge about to give a toast, and had there ever been a time when he failed to carry those who heard him off their feet?

"Classmates," Billy Eldridge's voice, vibrant and clear, sounded over the assemblage, "God made man and from man, woman. Developments brought about an expulsion from the Edenal precincts." He paused. The gap was filled with swift laughter and shouts of "Go on! Go on!" Eldridge began speaking again.

"Then the Supreme Master, wishing to atone somewhat for the expulsion, gave to woman the motherhood and home-making instinct."

Thereafter, Billy Eldridge swayed his hearers as only the natural orator may play upon those who listen to him.

"He is wonderful, isn't he?"

Delraven, five seats down the table from the speaker put the question to the man next to him.

"Yes," answered the other, leaning closer that he might the better hear.

The speech came to an end and was followed by a volley of handclappings, after which they all sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and looked toward Billy Eldridge.

"I guess that came pretty straight from his heart," said Delraven to his neighbor. "He's been married just two years. I've never had the courage, but it does a chap good to hear a man talk as Billy talked tonight. Makes him believe in the essentials again. He's a little slow, perhaps, but he'll get on."

After which the champagne passed innumerable times.

She lay quite still in bed. She had not retired until after midnight, because she had hoped he would come home early even if it were Alma Mater night. He had not come home until three o'clock the morning before, and—and—she clinched her hands tightly together and fixed her attention on the strip of light which crept under her door from the hallway. She knew it must be nearly two o'clock, but she did not know that even at that moment Billy Eldridge was paying his tribute to home and woman. She did know that for two years she had striven bravely to make his home all that he could have wished.

The woman's hot eyeballs burned, but no tears came. A year ago they had ceased to come. They had ceased to come when she learned that her love was dead. But the going of that love had left her very lonely.

The coming of the frail little wanderer from No Man's Land six months later had just begun to heal her hurt somewhat when the tiny hands slipped away into the darkness again.

For the hundredth time, perhaps, that night, the woman remembered that there had hardly passed a week since the first two months after their marriage that he had not come home drunk. Perhaps had this woman, who lay so still in her bed, sat next to Delraven at the banquet board that night, she could have told him why Billy Eldridge had not gotten on faster. Perhaps she could have told him, but she never would have done so. Her love for her husband was dead, she told herself, but her pride was still with her. He was her husband.

On the woman's tense hearing broke the muffled sound of a striking clock—one, two, three. She clenched her hands more tightly. That clock had belonged to her mother. Through all the years of the woman's girlhood she had heard its steady ticking and striking. She was glad that it had never recorded for her mother the hours of agony that it was recording for her. In the old days it had been the duty of the timepiece to record peaceful, happy passages, or such periods of sorrow as life inevitably brings.

Faint and far-away there came to the woman's ears the sound of a key turning in a lock. She sat up in bed, a feeling of utter repugnance surging through her. She knew what was to follow. After many bunglings, he would finally get the door open and stagger back to his room at the end of the hall. Then maybe until broad daylight she would lie awake listening to his heavy breathing.

In the unlit room one might not see the dark, tired eyes; the rounded arms and the white, full throat, above the low firm breasts at which a tiny mouth had hardly had time to taste of life.

She heard him slowly make his way back to the room which she had insisted that he occupy alone since his last prolonged drunken debauch.

"He must be very bad! He walks so slowly," she said aloud to herself.

She slipped out of bed and into the hall, where she snapped off the light. Then she crept back between the covers and lay rigid, her hands crushed together, her clenched lids aching.

The she heard a sound that sent her upright in bed, with every outraged instinct ready for battle—the sound of his unshod feet coming slowly, blunderingly, up the darkened hallway.

"He will not dare," she thought wildly, with swift gathering rage, that made her long for him to stumble, and lie inertly out there in the dark hall.

The woman heard the husband's hand turn the knob. He opened the door. Without sound, she lay back in bed, every muscle and nerve alert and eager to fight off this drunken beast who had once been a man and the father of her child.

"Sweetheart, are you awake?"

"Were her ears playing her tricks?" she thought. There was no drunken lisp, no thick utterance. That voice seemed to be speaking to her across a chasm of years—two years of torture and sorrow and suffering.

"Could it be possible," she thought swiftly, "that Billy—her old Billy, had come back?"

But those two years had left the iron in her soul. She stifled her hope almost as quickly as it was born. She remembered that now and then drunken men speak clearly. She did not answer the voice.

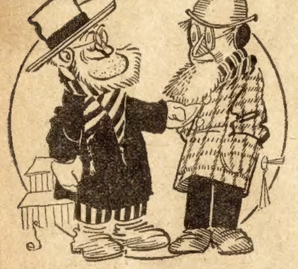
The woman heard him slowly cross the room. She felt his hands on her face, then his face down close to her own. There was no liquor on his breath, only the faint odor of tobacco. He was not drunk!

Suddenly her body became pliant. She scarcely dared breathe. Not drunk—not drunk—and he had called to her in the old way, the dear old lover's way.

"Honey, honey," he called softly in her ear, "wake up! I want to talk to you. I am a bit lonely."

For nearly two years there had lain knotted in the breasts of the woman a something which caused them to ache. Those baby lips had half promised to ease the ache, now in a moment the pain was gone! A warm glow suffused her. She turned her head and in the darkness their lips met.

And the funny part of it is, that Billy Eldridge doesn't know that while he was giving that "home" toast, he talked himself into a new manhood.



Silas—"If you bought your boys an automobile you might keep them on the farm!"

Hiram—"Lord, gosh! If th' lazy critters would only stay away from it I could buy a car for myself!"

HOW TO CLEAR AWAY PIMPLES

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and hot water, then apply a little Resinol Ointment very gently. Let this stay on ten minutes, and wash off with Resinol Soap and more hot water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished to find how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear and velvety.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap stop itching instantly and speedily heal skin humors, sores, burns, wounds and chafing. Sold by all druggists. For free trial size, write Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Across the German Ocean,
In a country far from our own,
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
Where the houses were poor and small,
But the home of the little Gottlieb
Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
And his mother could do no more
(Though she scarcely lay her knitting down)
Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,
And turn, and patch, and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night, beside her chair,
Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her,
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'Twas only a week till Christmas,
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child that was born that day
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small.
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once, a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he could do.

Next day when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land
Came one for the Christ-child written
In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
They stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare
To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
And scarce knew what to speak,
And hastily he brushed aside
A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
And turned himself about:
"This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
That night about him pressed,
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him, with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
Through all their noisy play;
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
Men called him good and just;
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came,
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun.

And hastened to his mother,
But he scarce might speak for fear,
When he saw her wondering look,
And the Burgomaster near.

He wasn't afraid of the Holy Babe,
Nor his mother, meek and mild;
But he felt as if so great a man
Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
The hearth was piled with wood,
And the table never full before
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth
The Burgomaster said,
While the mother blessed him on her knees,
And Gottlieb shook for dread.

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
To such as me for aid,
Be grateful to your little son,
And the Lord to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
"Your written prayer, you see,
Came not to whom it was addressed,
It only came to me!

"'Twas but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand;
For though the gifts are yours,' you know,
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
He put the thought in your heart!"

—PHOEBE CARY.

AGENTS WANTED

WANTED Ambitious Men&Women

To take orders for our "ZANOL" Non-Alcoholic FOOD FLAVORS in tubes. Sells on sight. Handier and ten times stronger than bottled extracts. Big repeater. Enormous demand. 100 per cent profit. Not sold in stores. Also soaps, perfumes, toilet articles, etc. Good territory and elegant sample case furnished. Write quick.

American Products Co. 25 Third St. Cincinnati, O.

Beacon Burner FREE

FITS YOUR OLD LAMP.

100 Candle Power Incandescent pure white light from (kerosene) coal oil. Beats either gas or electricity. COSTS ONLY 1 CENT FOR 6 HOURS We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our Special Offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. AGENTS WANTED.

HOME SUPPLY CO., 54 Home Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

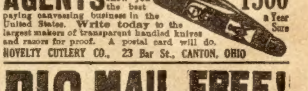
AGENTS—200%-300% PROFIT

Mexican Amole Soap, sensational money maker. Selling like wildfire. Agents make $10 a day easy. No capital or experience needed. Most liberal offer ever made. Big business year around. Start a business and make a fortune. Free Sample Send 2c stamp to pay postage. Men and women—act now. Don't delay—write today. Territory going fast! Beautiful sample cases furnished agents.

AMOLE SOAP CO., Dept. 10 Peoria, Ill.

WHITE FLAME

BURNERS make any kerosene lamp or lantern give a brilliant white light better than electricity or gas. Doubles your light. Saves oil. NO MANTLE TO BREAK. Guaranteed Safe and Reliable. Delights every user. Send now for complete sample postpaid 35c, stamps or coin. 3 for $1. MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY. *Live Representatives Wanted. Exclusive Territory.* WHITE FLAME LIGHT CO., 61 CLARK BUILDING, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN



AGENTS Let us show you the best paying canvassing business in the United States. Write today to the largest makers of transparent handled knives and razors for proof. A postal card will do. $1500 a Year Sure

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Don't Wire Your Harness

When You Can Get a Lock-Stitch Pocket Sewing Machine

FREE

This little machine never gets out of order and will fit into any tool box on the farm. It sews a perfect lock-stitch on anything from harness to carpets. The handle is hollow, fitted with a screw cap and furnished with a spool of waxed thread, straight and curved needles. It is made of the best steel and mahogany.

We will send this awl to any one free of charge when we receive $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to the Blade or Ledger. Canada price $1.50 a year. We pay the postage. We do not pay duty to Canada.

W. D. BOYCE CO.
500 Dearborn Ave.
Chicago, Illinois,

The Death Ring.

(Continued from page four.)

girl. The young man caught up her hand and pressed it fervently to his lips.

"I should love you with all my heart," she went on, "if it were not for this terrible mystery surrounding you. I am somehow afraid of you. You seem like another Napoleon—and then your mother—Queen Catherine herself could not be more digni[illegible] —more—what shall I [illegible] austere. Does the possessio[illegible] secret power, bring wit[illegible]bility as to make of yo[illegible]itable superman and supe[illegible] And Doctor Kyork—I sw[illegible]ometimes he is the devil himself in human guise."

"Doctor Kyork is a great and good man," replied Scananbourg, with dignity. "And as for the responsibility that this secret power has brought, it has taken away my youth forever. Oh, please pit[illegible] who, having such enormous pow[illegible] yet no power over my own young l[illegible]trol my actions, as [illegible]her and all young peo[illegible]ty me for a forlorn and lonely youth, and love me if you can!"

CHAPTER V.

PARTIAL CONFIDENCE.

THE days that followed were idyllic days for Rosalys and her young lover. He was with her a great deal. He and the brother flew over the valley together. He and Rosalys, with the maid on the back seat for chaperon, motored a great deal together. The young man's mother plainly did not approve of things as they were. She seemed to think that Victor ought to be constantly at the sanatorium. She seemed to think he was constantly in danger after that one attack.

But it was otherwise with Doctor Kyork. He liked the girl's father and he appeared to have looked her over and approved of her intuitively. Rosalys on her part tried to like him; but always there was that terrible scene with the "Death Ring" before her imagination. She could not separate him in her mind from the man who had cruelly executed a culprit at a dinner party. Madame Zinsky had now gone to Paris. Rosalys was sure that Zinsky was in Kyork's confidence and had gone to Paris on some mission connected with the great secret.

Then, about the middle of July, Mr. Van Rollins was pronounced completely cured, and hurried back to New York to attend to his brokerage business, leaving his son and daughter to return to America at the end of the hot weather. After that life at the Van Rollins' villa was one long holiday. The three young people were almost constantly together, or, if Harry were away aviating, Rosalys and Victor were together, with [illegible]nette or the housekeeper for chap[illegible].

[illegible] young man told Rosalys very little [illegible] about himself. One day she [illegible] about his people, and he gave [illegible] answer.

"You are not a native Altrur[illegible]?" she [illegible] one day.

"[illegible]o, I was born far from here. We came here, Doctor Kyork, mother and I, because we could hire the Altrurian government to guard our treasure for us."

"What is the Altrurian government?"

"Well, as I told you once before, it is an independent principality. Its neutrality is guaranteed by a convention of powers. Still, this is merely paper, and paper is easily torn up. Right now the little country is full of spies trying to get possession of the secrets of our sanatorium."

"Who is the queen of this country?" asked the girl. "I'm told her residence is in Paulograd and several times I have seen her carriage in the street, but I have never seen her."

"You might live here always and never see her," replied the young man. "She is a recluse. I have seen her, because I had business with her. No one ever sees her except at a public audience and with her councillors about her."

"Is there not a prince?"

"Yes, there is a sort of morganatic prince. Three or four of the great powers of Europe have recognized his right of succession of the throne. Others have not—notably our neighborly Empire here. Her eye is upon this fruitful valley. She has a sort of left-handed claim to it if there should be no heir. It is all this trouble that saddens the queen and makes her a recluse—poor woman!"

"And where is this prince?"

"That I can't say," replied Scananbourg. "Doctor Kyork and my mother have both seen him. He is somewhere in hiding, I think. His mother lives in hourly fear that he will be a[illegible]. Doctor Kyork knows, no doubt, where he is hiding. The doctor is [illegible] of Altruria and t[illegible] Altruria, too. There is not a peasant in the valley but loves him like a father, and the queen mother leans on him for [illegible], as my mother does."

[illegible]lys scented a false note in the [illegible] man's voice as he talked. She had a feeling that he knew [illegible] of all these matters th[illegible] he was revealing to her. She thought to ca[illegible] him.

"[illegible] turning [illegible] in the eyes [illegible] the [illegible] between you and [illegible] that makes him sample all your food at the table and re[illegible] sault on you with such d[illegible]"

The young man turned [illegible]

"I cannot lie to you," [illegible] in vain to steady his voic[illegible] "Doctor Kyork is my father."

The girl's breath was taken away from her for a moment. She felt a repulsion for her lover such as she had [illegible] felt for the wizard ever since that memorable dinner party. At the same time she feared that this young man must surely hate her for all the unpleasant th[illegible] she had said about the weird doctor.

"So—that is why you are heir to all these emanatoria. And yet you speak of him almost as if he were your servant and not your father. You say this sanatorium is yours and your mother's. You say that you two have the responsibility. I cannot understand it all!"

"Please do not try to do so," said the man, sadly. "Only try to love me, and when the time comes I will reveal [illegible] secret to you. On the day we are married, darling, after the wedding breakfast, I will tell you all."

A few minutes later [illegible] the crescent moon th[illegible] each other good-by. "Au [illegible]," said the young man. "Please do not think too much about my being the son of the devil."

"N[illegible]" cried the girl. "I th[illegible] you [illegible]s I always did, and I shall le[illegible] to love your strange father for your sake."

"And yet," murmured Victor. "I wish that scene in your dining-room had never taken place. Oh, I wish the Death [illegible] were at the bottom of the sea. It [illegible] stolen away my youth, and now—I feel it—it is going to rob me of yo[illegible]"

A motorcycle went pit-a-pat on the road form Paulograd and the pit-a-pat grew louder and louder. The light of the [illegible]shed in the eyes of the lovers, [illegible] a moment later a rider leaped [illegible] approached Victor hastily. He paid no attention whatsoever to the presence of the young lady, but began to whisper something in young Scananbourg's ear. Rosalys caught the words: "[illegible]," "your mother," "General Stanislaus."

"My God!" groaned Victor when the other had finished speaking.

He turned to the young woman and held out both hands to her.

"Adieu!" he cried. "Please try to love me always, and please think of me as an unfortunate young man who had no power to act according to his will nor according to his love, but must act always in the interest and at the dictation of others. Adieu!—I may never see you again!"

"Victor!"

But the young man had leaped upon the motorcycle and was gone toward Paulograd.

"What is it?" asked the girl, turning to the messenger. "Who is he, and what was the terrible news you brought him?"

"My lips are sealed," replied the messenger. "It would be useless for me to tell you anything you already know, and what you do not know I dare not tell you."

He cranked the car that young Scananbourg had left in his hasty flight and was soon speeding away toward the capital. Rosalys walked sadly to the house. She felt that she was at the end of life—that she cared not to live another day.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it.

* * *

Didn't Wish to Offend.

Little Lola had received a doll and a kitten among her Christmas presents.

"Which do you like best, your kitten or your doll?" asked her mother.

Lola went over and whispered in her mother's ear: "I like dollie best, but please don't tell kitty."

SAVE A LITTLE.

Christmas time's a-comin' an' you better git in line;
Look a bit more cheery as you give the countersign;
Make your handclasp warmer an' your smile a bit more bright—
When you celebrate on Christmas don't you want to do it right?
Jes' go in to make things lively until everybody's g[illegible];
Jes, go in and s[illegible] sunshine, don't [illegible] gloomy like an [illegible]d
Make everybody-happy—[illegible]s' as happy [illegible] can [illegible]
[illegible]t don't hang all your presents on the Christmas tree!

[illegible] little cheerfulness to scatter [illegible]rough th[illegible];
[illegible] few kind words to say, such as [illegible]ry the tear;
[illegible] kind deeds to do when chance comes by an' by—
[illegible] l[illegible]tle Christmas if [illegible] it next July!
[illegible] your friends you love 'em by [illegible] thoughtful gifts you give;
[illegible] warmth of your sincerity touch [illegible]l with whom you live;
[illegible] grown folks chatter childlike in [illegible]easure and th[illegible]
[illegible] your prese[illegible] [illegible] tree!

[illegible] tokens of the hap[illegible] [illegible]side;
[illegible]p them up in evergreen an' put them all one side.
You can use them later, an' they'll bri[illegible] thrill of cheer
To some heart that mourns in anguish that the world is cold an' d[illegible]r.
Jes, try this plan one Christm[illegible] you'll f[illegible] more good is done
By savin' [illegible] to scatter on the course the year must run.
Than by [illegible] Christmas without t[illegible] of days to be,
An' by hangin' al[illegible] presents on the Christmas tree!

—By Louis E. Thayer.

* * *

Lucid Directions.

The directions that an automobilist got on Long Island, when he asked a small boy the way to Oyster Bay, are almost worthy of a place beside the famous reply that Launcelot Gobbo made to his father when the old man inquired of him the way to Master Jew's. The boy looked thoughtful and then replied:

"Go straight up there and you'll pass where the watermelon field was three years ago; then go on straight and you'll pass where the corn was two years ago. Turn to your left, and turn to your right after that, and then turn to your right again, and you'll pass the place where a man was killed by an automobile last year. If you'll go along about a mile you'll come to where Mr. Jones lived before he moved over to Fort Washington; then turn to your left and you'll see Oyster Bay."

* * *

He Was Old Enough.

Not all the worms that turn are as gentle and as tactful in their turning [illegible] one that a German paper once d[illegible].

A quiet, patient little man had been pushed about and trodden on by the [illegible] on a crowded tram car. For a long time he suffered in silence. Then, in a meek voice, he addressed an awkward youth standing next to him.

"Young man," he said, "I hope you will not think me rude, but may I ask your age?"

The youth stared at him for a moment and replied "Eighteen."

"Eighteen," repeated the little man, softly. "Now, really young man, don't you think you are old enough to stand on your own feet?"

* * *

Taking It All.

"Before I agree to undertake your defense," said the eminent criminal lawyer, "you will have to tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the one hundred thousand dollars you are accused of having taken?"

"Yes, sir," replied the accused man. "I'll not attempt to conceal the fact from you. I stole every cent of it."

"How much of it have you still?"

"It's all gone but a couple of dollars?"

"Young man," said the eminent lawyer, buttoning on his gloves, "you had better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"I'll do it if you say so, sir. What are you going to charge me for the advice?"

"Two dollars."

* * *

His Disposition.

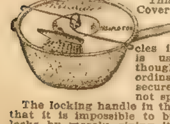
During a concert tour of an orchestra one of the musicians died and the following telegram was immediately dispatched to the parents of the deceased:

"John Black died suddenly today. Advise by wire as to disposition."

In a few hours the answer was received as follows:

"We are brokenhearted; his disposition was a roving one."

MRS. HOUSEKEEPER
Here's what you have waited for



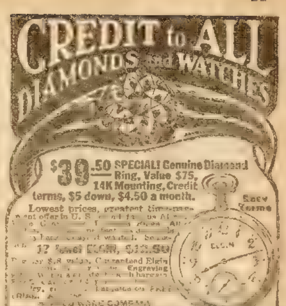
This Safety Locking Cover for pots or sauce pans is one of the most needed articles in your kitchen. It is used as a strainer though serving as an ordinary cover, locks securely, so contents can not spill.

The locking handle in the center is raised so that it is impossible to burn the fingers and locks by merely giving it a half turn. The cover is made from the best blocked tin and the handle the best spring steel wire; it will fit any standard 6 quart vessel.

FREE—We have arranged with the inventor of the locking cover to send it to you free on receipt of $1.00 for a new or renewal subscription to the BLADE or LEDGER or $1.00 for the two papers for six months.

BLADE AND LEDGER,
500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CARDS Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free
B. L. SMYTHE CO., NEWARK, MO



CREDIT to ALL
DIAMONDS and WATCHES
$39.50 SPECIAL! Genuine Diamond Ring, Value $75, 14K Mounting, Credit terms, $5 down, $4.50 a month.
Easy Terms
Lowest prices, greatest time-payment offer in U. S. [illegible]
17 Jewel ELGIN, $12.50
[illegible] Guaranteed Elgin [illegible] Engraving [illegible]

GYPSY
Fortune Teller
And Dream Book

Know thy future. Will you be [illegible] in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth, and Business. Tells fortunes by all methods, cards, palmistry, tea cup, zodiaology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days. Interprets dreams. A large book by mail for TEN CENTS. Earn money telling fortunes.
ROYAL PUB. CO., Dept. 36. So. Norwalk, Conn.

SORE LEGS HEALED
Open Legs Healed to Stay Healed. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Leg at Home." Describe your case. A. C. LIEPE. 612 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR OR MORPHINE
Habits Easily CURED. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets will cure any case in from ten to thirty days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, can be given secretly in tea or coffee. Particulars sent sealed FREE. The Ohio Chemical Works, Box 514, Swanton, O.

Secrets of Love Making, OR THE ART OF WOOING, WINNING AND WEDDING. [illegible] "How to Catch a Widow" "How to Make your Fellow or Girl Love You" Etiquette, 6c. This Great Book is the Diamond Key that Unlocks the Door to the Heart. Most helpful to Lovers. Young or Old. [illegible] This wonderful Book sent Post Paid for only 10c, or 3 for 25c. STAR BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

HYPNOTISM Influence and control others. Make fun and money. YOU may learn! Illustrated Treatise and full particulars FREE. M. D. BETTS, Desk 5, Jackson, Mich.

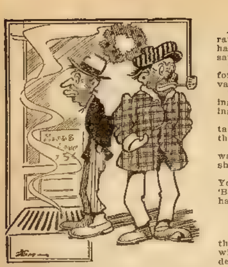
RODS for locating treasures (FREE). Cir's, 10c. Jewel Nov. Works, Kalamazoo, Mich. Desk 8.

DON'T SHOUT
Ma! Where's the Screw Driver?
and a moment later
Where's the Tack Puller?
but get one of our
Handy Tool Sets FREE

You won't waste time hunting tools that are mislaid or do a poor job for lack of tools. This tool-set contains a screwdriver, chisel, tack puller, awl, gimlet and reamer and is just the thing for the little odd jobs about the house.

You can get one absolutely free by sending your $1.00 renewal subscription to the Blade or Ledger. (Canadian subscriptions $1.50). Our special $1.50 renewal offer to the Blade and Ledger subscribers for one year will also bring you one of these splendid tempered steel tool sets. If you have already renewed get a friend to send $2.00 for a year's subscription to the Blade and Ledger and we will send you two of these household necessities upon request. Remember, these are absolutely free if your orders come at once. We pay the postage. We do not pay Canadian customs duties. Send your order without delay to

The SATURDAY BLADE or CHICAGO LEDGER
508 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois



Weary—"I got sentimental yestiddy an' hung up me stockin' fer Chris'mus."

Walker—"Wot did yer git?"

Weary—"Nothin'. Somebody stole me stockin'."

Santa Claus Trapped.

On Christmas Eve a kindly father went in the darkness and silence of midnight, in pajamas and bare feet, to the bedroom of his two little sons. He had his arms full of toys, sweets, and picture books, and his wife helped him to carry them, both smiling happily. But a minute after the father had entered the boys' room, he gave a terrible cry.

"John, John, what's the matter?" cried his wife.

"Oh!" he groaned. "I've caught my foot in a rat trap! A nice place," he added reproachfully, "for a rat trap, I must say!"

"There, if I didn't forget!" the wife exclaimed. "Willie told me he was going to set it to catch Santa Claus!"

Equally Divided.

Apropos of the mismanagement of a railroad that had gone into a receiver's hands, a certain prominent railroad man said:

"The calm and bland excuses offered for their mismanagement by the road's various heads remind me of Smith.

"Smith put in a strenuous day cleaning up his garden for the spring planting.

"But Jones, his next-door neighbor, tackled him indignantly in the smoker the following morning and said:

"'Look here, Smith, do you think I want all your tin cans and bones and old shoes thrown into my garden?'

"'You haven't got 'em all, old man. You've only got half,' said Smith, calmly. 'Brown, on the other side, got the other half.'"

A Coming Rockefeller.

Willie was small, but he had learned that big things are achieved by dealing with matters in the mass instead of in detail.

"Now," he said to his mother, shortly before Christmas, "I've written a letter asking for what I want, and I think it covers everything."

"That's good," said his mother; "what did you ask for?"

"Two toy shops and a candy store."

Her Order.

A woman living in an aristocratic section a mile and a half from her grocer went to the 'phone.

"This you, central? Four, five four, please.

"This you, Mr. M.? Please charge and send ten cents' worth of animal crackers, and pick out the elephants, as the baby is afraid of them."

A Red-Letter Day.

Daughter—"Papa went off in great good humor this morning."

Mother—"My goodness! That reminds me. I forgot to ask him for any money."

THEN HE WOKE UP.

Old Tightpurse lay upon his bed
  Asleep and sweetly dreaming.
The Christmas sun all flaming red
  Was through his window streaming.
The fulgent dawn thus made him start,
  He felt a sudden shiver,
For charity was in his heart
  Instead of in his liver!

"Behold!" said he. "This Christmas Day
  Has dawned so blithe and sunny
I'm tempted now to give away
  A goodly sum of money.
And by the cunning of my hand,
  By every saint and sinner,
For all the poor within the land
  I'll buy a turkey dinner!"

Then from a purse of monster size
  He drew a roll and blessed it,
Examined it with loving eyes,
  In ecstasy caressed it.
'Twas here he wakened with a start,
  And smiling with derision,
He uttered thanks with all his heart
  'Twas just a horrid vision!

Forewarned.

Mr. Bachrack is a most considerate husband, but of course there is a limit.

Upon leaving home one morning, his wife requested him to purchase for her a pair of shoes, giving him a detailed description of the same.

Promptly on his luncheon hour Mr Bachrack proceeded to the shoe emporium.

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife," he announced, as the clerk came forward.

"What kind do you wish?"

"Doesn't matter—just so as they don't button in the back."

Hikely—"Would you lend Dobson $5?"

Skippe—"No, I wouldn't!"

Hikely—"Why not?"

Skippe—"Why, I owe the cuss ten—it would be just like giving it to him!"

She Wondered.

Mrs. Brundage was crossing the ocean for the first time. One morning, as the captain was standing near her, she said:

"Pardon my ignorance, but how do you manage to find your way across the trackless ocean?"

"By means of the compass, madam," replied the gallant captain. "The needle invariably points north."

"But," queried the woman, "suppose you wanted to go south?"

An Expensive Delusion.

"My husband sees pink elephants when he drinks."

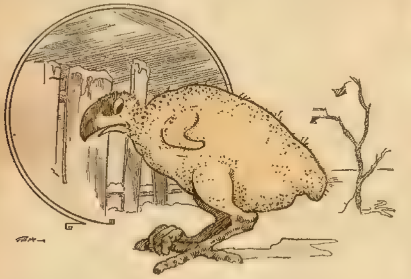
"Mine has a worse delusion that that. He sees green dogs. It's very expensive, too."

"How's that?"

"Why, he goes and buys licenses for 'em."

Better Late Than Never.

That early buying plan was better,
  But since you scorned to read the sign
Put on your boxing gloves and sweater
  And buck the broad, belated line.



Young Chick—"Goodness, but it's cold. I hope somebody'll give me a nice, warm eggshell for a Christmas present."

Took Him at His Word.

The big man with the I-know-it-all expression sneeringly watched the little man who was eating from a sack of peanuts.

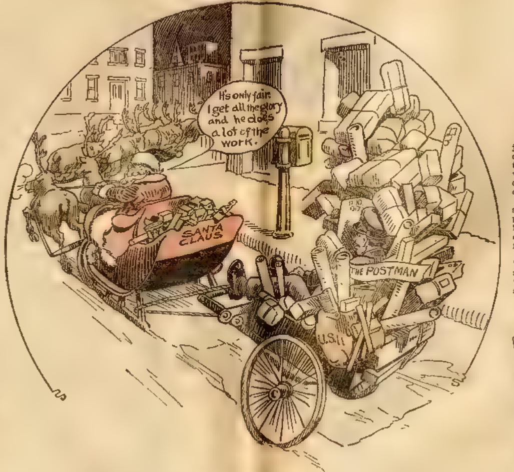
"Down where I come from we use peanuts to fatten hogs," remarked the big man.

"That so?" asked the little man "Here, have some."

Anonymous.

A teacher in one of the public schools asked her pupils to write a sentence which should introduce the word "anonymous," explaining to them that the word meant "without a name." When the papers were handed in this startling sentence met her eye: "On my way to school this morning I saw an anonymous cow."—Judge.

CERTAINLY HE DESERVES A HITCH


It's only fair. I get all the glory and he does a lot of the work.
SANTA CLAUS
THE POSTMAN
U.S.M.

An Exchange of Christmas Gifts.

A happy wife was bubbling over with the Christmas spirit. She could keep the secret no longer.

"Dearest," she exclaimed to her husband, "I just can't wait till Christmas to tell you what I've got you for a present."

"Well," replied the young husband, "what is it?"

"I've got you a new rug to put in front of my dressing table, and a bronze statuette for the parlor mantel!" she blurted out. "Now, what are you going to get me?"

"Well," he replied contemplatively, "I think I shall get you a new shaving mug and a razor!"

The Proprietor's Answer.

A certain surly old Yankee who runs a small summer hotel on the coast once received a letter from a prospective "guest" who wrote to engage "two large, sunny rooms overlooking the ocean and connecting with private bath."

One may imagine the lady's surprise at getting the following reply:

"Dear Madam: All rooms face the ocean and that's your bath."

The Passenger.

Pat got out of the carriage at a railway station to get some refreshments, but the train started before he had finished.

"Hold on!" he cried, as he ran along the platform at top speed. "You've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

Only Half.

"One-half of the women in this world retail gossip," remarked Mr Stubb, as he lit his after-supper cigar.

"Quite considerate of you not to say all of them retail gossip," snapped Mrs. Stubb, as she washed the dishes.

"Oh no, only half, Maria. The other half wholesale it."

Lonely.

"Oh, you cruel little boy!" exclaimed a member of the Anti-Vivisection Society as she glanced over the garden fence. "How ever could you cut that poor little worm in two?"

John, aged 6, met her gaze without flinching. "It—it seemed so lonely," he replied.

Why He Hesitated.

A henpecked man was set to work by his wife to do a bit of repair work to the porch doors. While hubby was so engaged the wife would, from time to time, go out to see what progress he was making.

"Is there anything you need?" asked she, on the second trip. The man on the ladder gulped once or twice, but made no reply. Again the wife put the question and again a gulp was the only answer.

"Why don't you answer me?" she demanded ominously.

The unhappy man turned most apologetically and said: "But, sweetheart, my mouth is full of screws. I couldn't answer until I swallowed some."

Phoebe and the Mistletoe.

In Phoebe's eyes there shone a light
Which seemed to tell me that I might
Go press upon her lips a kiss,
Yet did I hesitate in this
Until the mistletoe I'd seen,
And 'neath its tiny sprig of green
I kissed her; then I knew I'd caught
The right conception when I thought
In Phoebe's eyes there shone a light
Which seemed to tell me that I might.

Not Paying Attention.

Patience—"Will says when he kissed you last night he noticed you'd been eating onions."

Patrice—"Well, all I've got to say is that a man who will notice onions on a girl's breath when he's kissing her hasn't got his mind on his business."

Buy-oh, Baby Bunting.

Buy-oh, Baby Bunting!
Daddy's gone a-hunting
For a silver fox, its skin
To wrap your pretty mamma in.

Buy, oh, get the habit!
Scorn the cheaper rabbit,
Sister wants a sealskin coat,
(That will get your daddy's goat.)

Buy, oh, buy, oh, buy-o!
Dad's the good old guy-o,
At this season, as a rule,
Chief fur-bearing ani-mule.

The Judge's Instructions.

A man was on trial before a Western judge for horse stealing, and when it came time for the lawyers on both sides to tell the judge what instructions they wanted him to give to the jury in addition to the points covered in his own charge the attorney for defense said:

"I respectfully ask your honor to instruct the jury that it is a fundamental principle of law in this country that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be found guilty."

"Yes, that is true," said the judge, "and I so instruct the jury; but I will add that it is the opinion of the court that the ninety-nine guilty men have already escaped."

Filmore—"I gave that young man his first good start."

Wayburn—"So?"

Filmore—"I kicked him down the stairs when he called on my daughter."

The Way It Was.

It was a cold day in December, and the superintendent of a charitable institution was examining a number of poor children as to their claims for more comfortable clothing. Margaret was under examination. She was pinned up quite securely in a thin shawl.

"Have you any clothes at home?" she was asked kindly.

"No'm."

"What have you got on?"

"Please, this is my aunt's shawl, an' me dress is next, an' then comes I."

Might Affect Sandwiches.

Joe—"Noticed any change in the railroad sandwiches they are handing out now?"

Jack—"No. Why?"

Joe—"Well, I see a prize has been won by a Belgian inventor in Italy for an artificial leather made of cotton which is said to be as durable and elastic as the genuine."

The Psychic Moment.

When underneath the mistletoe
  Quite carelessly she takes her stand
  'Tis time to take your nerve in hand
And your appreciation show.

She Got the Line.

A young lady took down the receiver of the telephone one day and discovered that the line was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver and waited for the conversation to end. Upon returning to the telephone she found the women still talking. Three times she waited, and then at last, becoming exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.

A Christmas Luxury.

An English boy went to visit his two Scotch cousins during his summer vacation. His breakfast every morning consisted of plain oatmeal, and he got very tired of it.

"Say, Jack," he said, "don't you ever have milk with your porridge?"

Jack turned to his brother.

"Gee, Tom!" he exclaimed, "the lad thinks it's Christmas."

Not Idle.

Old Lady—"My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing about and idling away your time?"

Boy—"I ain't idling away my time. There's Mr Clamphead inside making love to my sister and he's paying me ten cents an hour to watch for pa."

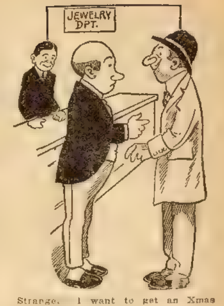
He Smelled Powder.

General—"Did you ever smell powder, sir?"

Hank—"Yes."

General—"Where?"

Hank—"On my sweetheart's face."


JEWELRY DPT.

Stranger—"I want to get an Xmas present."

Proprietor—"Diamond, sir?"

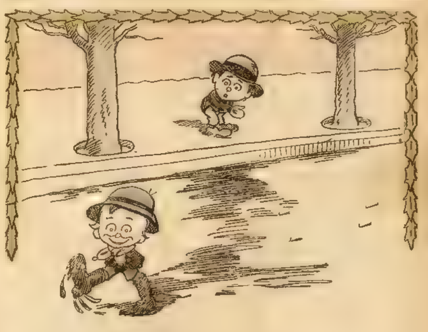
Stranger—"No; it's for my wife."

Proprietor—"Here, George, show this gentleman our line of dollar hat pins."

Lola's Prayer.

Lola, aged 5, having been reprimanded by her mother for some slight misdeed, knelt down by a chair and prayed as follows.

"Oh, Lord, mamma says I'm a caution. I want to be a good girl, but even if I'm a caution, please send Santa Claus just the same. Amen."



"Why don't you walk on the sidewalk, chump?"

"Wot! When I got new rubber boots for Christmas?"

The Unfinished Picture.

Motorist (on country road)—"I'll give you twenty-five dollars for that picture if you don't put another stroke to it."

Artist—"I am really very flattered by your offer; but it is not quite finished."

Motorist—"Oh, that doesn't matter; I just want the canvas to mend a busted tire with."

The Way It Happened.

"How came you in the penitentiary?"

"I was drugged and robbed."

"By whom?"

"My doctor."

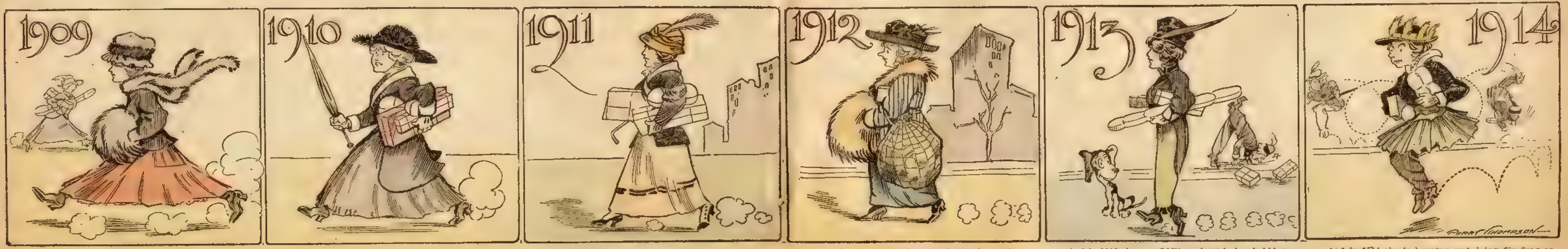
"Yes?"

"He told me to take iron."

"Well?"

"I took a stove and was arrested."

When She's Christmas Shopping



She could walk freely in the wide skirts of 1909—

And in 1910 Christmas shopping wasn't "so slow"—

And even in 1911 she could get around pretty slick—

But in 1912 her skirts began to hobble her a bit—

And in 1913 she was fiddling along in her hobbles—

And in 1914 she is hopping and doing flip-flops as she goes buying Christmas gifts.

The Stool Pigeon

Or, Fox Slavin, Detective

By Julian F. Darrow

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 47, November 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

S[illegible] here, Mr. Detective, isn't there some way in which I could mak[illegible] a miserabl[illegible] of Henry Pills[illegible]

The prisoner asked this as he walked along with the sleuth toward the house of the latter. He had heard Old Fox Slavin say that he meant to put it in his power to bu[illegible]self off, but somehow there was a v[illegible]ness about this half promise that [illegible] not entirely satisfy his long[illegible] the worst. And so he put this question. They had been stalking along for some little time in almost absolute silence. Two or three attempts did Pillsbury make to open a conversation, but, meeting with little encouragement, he had relapsed once more into silence.

All the while his fears were constantly rising. He cast furtive glances in the direction of the uncompromising figure of the stern man at his side, who seemed to personify Justice in the mind of the frightened Pillsbury. What if, after all, the other should determine that he did not need any assistance, and could carry his case to its finish alone; in that event, would they not be apt to punish him for his share in the bold conspiracy to drive Billie abroad? No wonder, then, that Henry shivered every time he contemplated the immediate future. The detective who had him in charge had stated it as his intention to take him to his own house, there to keep him safe for a time, so that he might not warn his employers, Annesley and Sutcliffe; but what assurance did he have that this was not merely a blind to keep him in good humor and that they might not even now be on the way to the precinct station, where he would be clapped into a cell?

The detective had half expected to hear some such plea from the man he had in charge. He had read the weak nature of Pillsbury at the start, and knew just how to play the cards to bring him abjectly to [illegible]. If there was anything the fellow knew, or even suspected, he would [illegible] it up in order to save himself from the consequences. Why not, when he was merely a tool of a pair of unscrupulous scoundrels and plotters? They cared nothing, in reality, what became of him, and should it be to their interest he would be deserted at any time. That was the way Pillsbury reasoned, just as the detective knew he would; all men of his weak caliber do. So he turned slowly toward the man at his side, as he answered his anxious question.

"You're commencing to doubt my word, Pillsbury. Your guilty fears have gripped your soul, and you begin to wonder whether I may not change my mind and land you behind the bars," he said, severely.

"Oh, not just exactly that, sir; but, you see, I wanted to prove to you that I appreciated what you said and stood ready to do my little part toward making things right," the other hastened to explain.

Old Slavin had no respect for a turncoat, and one who would be willing to betray his allies. All the same, he sometimes found it worth while to use such a weak-kneed fellow for his purposes. And there might be something Pillsbury would be able to tell him, which he could turn to his advantage.

"This notion has gripped you so fiercely, Pillsbury, that more than once as we walked you have looked eagerly around, just as if you were tempted to try and make a break for liberty. I have heard you give a little grunt of disgust every time, when you realized the foolishness of such a move. Even if I didn't overtake you, it meant that you'd be a fugitive from justice, with the entire police force of the city instructed to [illegible] for you. That's clear to you[illegible] it?"

"Only too clear, sir," groaned the wretched young man.

"Well, let's return to what you were saying about—your desire to aid me confound the plotters who would drive poor Billie Throgmorton from the country and steal his loyal little sweetheart for another man."

"But believe me, sir, I didn't know anything about that part of the business. If I'd known there was a girl in the scheme, hang me if I would have taken a hand in it for any price," Henry broke out with a fine show of righteousness, which, however, did not deceive the old sleuth a particle.

"You may think that; but pardon me if I doubt whether it would have made any difference to you. Money you wanted, and for it you were ready to do any dirty work. In you Annesley found a willing tool—shall I say fool as well, Pillsbury?"

"When I look back right now, sir, it seems ot me that name applies as well as any. I have been a silly fool! I'll be the death of a mother whose only fault was in being too indulgent to her boy. Give me one chance, sir, and I'll try to get out of this hole. I've had the shock of my life tonight; for, up to now, I never saw a prison cell yawning for me."

The sleuth felt him shiver and knew that Henry was in truth terribly frightened. It might be that sudden recollection of a fond mother caused part of this trembling fit; then, again, his natural cowardice must have had considerable to do with his panic.

"I may do what you ask, Pillsbury, seeing that there is game of much more importance above you. But I should expect you to make a full confession of the part you have had in this nasty business."

"I will tell you everything I know, and that isn't a great deal, sir. Annesley came to me with a story about Sutcliffe wanting to do Billie, so that he could come in for a big share of his uncle's money. We were to disgrace Billie in some way and influence him to skip out of the country. You know already how it was carried out, sir. My part was to quarrel with the boy and pretend to be knocked down when he struck at me with a billiard cue. I carried the idea out, Annesley says, splendidly."

"I've no doubt you did, Pillsbury, aided as you were by the several fellows who were present. Of course, the idea was only to deceive Billie, whose fears could afterwards be worked upon, so that, believing he had dragged the honored name of Throgmorton in the dust, he would consent to let his solicitous friend, Annesley, smuggle him abroad a vessel bound for Europe."

"Yes, sir, that was the whole game as far as I knew it, I assure you," the prisoner exclaimed, eagerly.

"Of course, it never struck you that a tragedy might spring from your clever little act, Pillsbury?"

"A tragedy, sir!"

"Certainly. Billie was in abject despair when he came to himself after that scene. He believed that he had killed you and by so doing forever separated himself from both his proud father and the girl he loved, pretty Janet Morris."

"It was tough, and I realize now that I was a contemptible scoundrel to have anything to do with Annesley's game; but we looked on it somewhat in the light of a good joke, jackasses that we were."

"So Billie was rapidly making up his mind that life had no attraction for a poor devil in his fix."

"What?"

"And at the very moment I visited him for the first time in his apartments, at the solicitation of Janet, he actually had a revolver on the table, and I positively believe was contemplating blowing his brains out!"

Pillsbury groaned. Whether this was impelled by the natural horror any one feels at contact with suicide, or a shrinking from the part he would have had in the tragedy, it might be difficult to say. The detective believed both things swayed him; but he was not trying to analyze character just then. Pillsbury might know a few things which would prove valuable to him, and he meant to strike while the iron was hot.

"However, Billie knows better now. He played the part I arranged for him very well, and Annesley came and told him you had died, but that arrangements had been made for him to leave on a steamer. Billie donned the disguise [illegible]d, just as he had been instructed to do, for, you see, Annesley was [illegible] enough to hang around and [illegible] to the dock to make sure he went aboard th[illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes, and I have no doubt he is safe [illegible] his keeping [illegible] seen if his devoted friend, Annesley, should take a notion to drop around. By the way, Pillsbury, you know Sutcliffe, of course, because [illegible]ing with him at the time Annesley drew you into the plot?"

"Yes, I know Sutcliffe a little, sir. Never was intimate with him, though. For that matter, I don't believe anybody ever was a boon companion with Hollis. He seemed to just hold a fellow at arm's length. But I've always believed that he was mighty clever."

"Do you mean unscrupulous as well?"

"Perhaps that would be a good word to use, between us, sir."

"You've known him to do things, then, that were hardly on the level?"

"Yes, on more than one occasion; but never in a way to disgrace himself. He always struck me as a man able to turn a trick and let some other fellow take the blame if the thing worked poorly."

"And yet even this knowledge didn't keep you from joining in the conspiracy, it seems?"

"That just shows what a fool a fellow can be, to go into a thing like that with his eyes open. I was horribly hard up, and the lure of the champagne got me, I'm sorry to say, sir. I guess I deserve all that's coming to me, and that's no [illegible]"

"Well, that's the best sign I've seen about you, Pillsbury, that you take the blame instead of trying to throw it on some one else. Do you happen to know where Hollis Sutcliffe lives?"

"Yes, I can give you his address. It is in a pretty fine house, too. Hollis flew high and had to make a lot of money to cover his expenses. I heard him say his uncle had put him on a liberal allowance; but between you and me I believe he made it all out of fleecing suckers. I know I have dropped quite a snug sum in his rooms a number of times."

"It's now after midnight; do you suppose if I [illegible] to his place I would [illegible]"

"[illegible], I couldn't say, sir. You might; [illegible], he's such a night hawk that [illegible] two or three before he [illegible]."

"I'm going to take the chance, at any rate, because I'd like to see what this young cousin of Billie looks like before he steps on the carpet at the Throgmorton mansion tomorrow morning, when the wind-up of the game comes off."

"Do you know the St. Cloud apartments, sir?"

"[illegible] handy. Is it there, too, he has his rooms?"

"Yes, sir."

They turned a corner and saw the light above a door that indicated a police precinct.

Pillsbury shuddered.

"Don't worry, Henry," remarked the detective, pleasantly; "you'll sleep under my roof tonight, I promise you, and to-

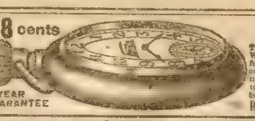
Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 696 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.



98 cents

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Railroad Style

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of Watch bargains we will send this elegant R. R. style watch by mail post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98 cents today. Address R. L. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

FREE 2 Full Qts. Riley's Flag Staff Whiskey

To introduce our Celebrated PRAIRIE ROSE and Famous FLAG STAFF WHISKIES to the readers of this paper, we will give, FREE OF CHARGE, 2 FULL QUARTS of the FLAG STAFF with shipment of 4 FULL QUARTS PRAIRIE ROSE.

All Express Charges Prepaid

4 Full Quarts RILEY'S PRAIRIE ROSE $3.60

2 Full Quarts RILEY'S FLAG STAFF Worth $3.00 FREE

We will ship the above 6 Full Quarts for $3.60 with the understanding that if the whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory, after you have tried it, you may return same at our expense, and your money will be refunded. Reference, Stock Yards National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.

Order at once, as this offer may be open only a short time. Cut out and return this ad with your order. Send remittance to W. R. Riley, or

W. R. RILEY DIST'G. COMPANY,
Stock Yards Station Department 1 Kansas City, Mo.

Persons living in Florida, North Dakota and New Mexico add 40c to help cover expressage. Those living west of the Rocky Mountains add 80c to help cover expressage.

Throw Away Your Keys

SAVE YOUR POCKETS AND YOUR PATIENCE

Keyless Pad-Lock Free

Actual Size

Notice the buttons numbered from 1 to 8. Eight buttons are on each side, any of which may be included in a combination. Padlocks are set on different combinations, and as more than 40,000 are possible, each purchaser is assured of a combination known only to himself. The No-Key Padlock is made of solid brass and bronze, without a bit of iron or steel to rust out. It will last a life time. Made in one size only—weight 5¼ ounces. This is the only practical keyless lock. It saves time, money and pockets. It is a simple device valued by every man, clerk or manufacturer, cattleman or lawyer, blacksmith or editor, whether his home is on a farm, a ranch, in a city or village—regardless of his vocation.

ABOLISH THE KEY NUISANCE

This wonderful lock will be sent to you absolutely free of charge, all charges prepaid if you will send us $2.00 for a year's subscription to The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger. If you are a subscriber now, send us the $2.00 and we will renew your subscription from the time your present one expires. They are going fast—send at once. Canada price $2.50.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
506 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

morrow we'll see what plans can be made to start you for California, because I expect New York wouldn't be the nicest place for a fellow of your description after turning on his pals."

"Oh, I'm more than willing to go, sir. Fact is, I've got an uncle out there who's been wanting me to visit him a long while. Perhaps there might be a chance to make a fresh start in a new country and away from the infernal temptations of a big city. I realize that I'm up against it at every turn here. California suits me all right, sir; and I'll never cease to be grateful to you for letting me down so easy."

"I'm doing it for two reasons, Henry. Can you guess what they are?" asked the detective.

"My mother?" faltered the dissolute young man.

"Yes, she's one; and the other is that, after all you were only a silly dupe. The main offenders are Sutcliffe and Annesley. If there is any way to send them up, and Amos Throgmorton gives his consent, depend on it they will get what is coming to them."

He asked many more questions as they continued on the way to his house, but evidently Pillsbury could not give him any more information, though he showed a willingness that satisfied the sleuth.

Arriving finally, he found his trusted man still up, and soon ushered his prisoner into a room where he could remain in comfort until morning; but, although Pillsbury might not suspect it, a smarter man than he had ever claimed to be would be unable to leave that room until the detective chose to grant permission

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT WAS always the policy of this remarkable man-tracker to follow up a lead with as little delay as possible. "Strike while the iron is hot" had ever been his slogan, and although the hour was some time after midnight when he saw the cringing Pillsbury safely housed under his own roof, he would not let such a little matter as that stand in the way. To be sure he knew the St. Cloud apartments, for within the last six months he had had occasion to visit that fashionable furnished-flat building.

When he approached it on this night he had his plan of campaign mapped out

Upon entering the vestibule he saw a colored man sitting there, who was none other than the doorkeeper; for, to safeguard the interests of the many who occupy the suites in such an apartment house, it becomes necessary to keep a reliable man on duty, day and night.

"I suppose the superintendent, Mr. Maybrick, has gone up to his rooms before now?" he said, as the man at the door looked inquiringly at him.

"Yas, sah, dat's what he hab," replied the sable Cerberus, who was an unusually robust individual, and evidently capable of handling any ordinary sneak-thief such as would be likely to try and effect a bold entrance to the St. Cloud, where so many wealthy people lived.

"I want to see him very much. In fact, it's highly important that I should have some talk with him right now," the detective continued.

"Don' see how it kin be did, boss. Mars Maybrick he tell me jest afore he go up dat he mighty sleepy, an' not tuh 'sturb him 'less de house am on fiah," was the prompt answer the other made, while he assumed what might be called an aggressive attitude.

"You don't remember me, Toby I guess; I was here to see the superintendent about six months ago. He is an old friend of mine and would do anything to oblige me"

"Dat may be so, boss; but he done tells me not to 'sturb him dis berry night. Reckon dat lets me out."

"It may let you in, Toby, because I happen to represent the law as a detective officer."

"W-w-wat dat you says, sah?" stammered the other, apparently in a sudden panic.

"I said that I happen to be a detective—also a good friend of the superintendent—and that I am determined to talk with him tonight. Now, Toby, I chance to know that there's telephone communication between this place where you stand on duty and the rooms of Maybrick. All I request is that you let me call him up and ask him to come down here. I don't want to put you in a hole by demanding that you let me go up."

Toby scratched his head as he pondered over this proposition.

"Boss, does dat mean ef I declines to do wat you sez I'se gwine to be 'rested?" he asked, cunningly.

"I'm afraid it does, Toby."

"Den I done gibs in to de majesty ob de law. I reckon Mars Maybrick he ain't a-gwine tuh hole it agin' me dat I gib in to 'void bein' took up, 'cause, yuh see, dat'd leab de dooh widout any keeper de rest ob de night."

"Then you will let me call him up, is that it, Toby?"

"I jes' cain't help myself, boss. Dar am de little box at de end ob de hall, jes' beyond de cage."

"What signal do you generally use? What will be apt to arouse the superintendent from his sleep, as a hurry call?"

"Huh? Ef yuh turn de handle t'ree times runnin' in double-quick time he tumble outen bed like he was up agin de 'lectric wire. Dat's de fire alarm call, sah, yuh sees!"

"Good! That ought to answer all right."

So Slavin stepped on down the lower hall, past the elevator, where the boy on duty was sleeping serenely until the coming of some late arrival would cause him to get busy. He discovered the "box" mentioned by Toby without any trouble, and, as the door was easily opened, in another minute the sleuth was giving the handle three quick turns. Then, pausing for a few seconds, he repeated the summons, after which he raised the receiver of the little house telephone to his ear

Immediately he could catch some confused sounds, not unlike those which might be made by a suddenly aroused and startled man tumbling out of bed and banging up against furniture in his frantic haste to get to the other end of the telephone.

Then came a wild call from above:

"What is it, Toby? Quick, tell me the worst!"

"Hello, Maybrick!"

"Who's that calling me? What's going on down there? Toby, if you've got me up on a false alarm I'll fire you before another night!" called the superintendent.

"Hello, Maybrick! This is Allen Slavin!"

"What?"

"I want to see you on some important business. Get dressed and come down here, please, at once. Sorry to give you a thrill, but the doorman wouldn't let me go up. Do you get what I am saying?"

"Yes, yes, and I'll be down in no time, Mr. Slavin. Gee! but you gave me a scare. I sure thought the building must be on fire! Please wait."

Satisfied, the detective sat down on a chair and talked with Toby about things in general; and, while it would appear that he was only interested in the various occupants of the many apartments connected with the St. Cloud as a whole, he managed to find out that Hollis Sutcliffe had not as yet shown up on this particular night.

Then came a hurry call for the elevator at the top floor, upon which the sleeping boy was aroused by Toby and the cage shot upward. When it came down presently the superintendent was in the cage, a look of troubled curiosity on his face. There was a reason for this, as the detective well knew, for when he had accidentally run across the superintendent six months before, while keeping tabs on one of the St. Cloud tenants, he had to his surprise recognized in him a man who had once been convicted for a certain forgery, and actually served his time! But, although rather startled at first to find him at work in such a responsible position, and under another name, the detective had soon been convinced that the other was living a clean life, having married an estimable woman, and having a pretty little baby.

And as it was always a pleasure for Old Slavin to hold out a helping hand to one who had slipped up under temptation, and was doing all that lay in his power to make amends, he had kept the other's secret and assured him that he would always stand his friend so long as he kept his promise to walk in the straight and narrow way.

But it can be easily understood that when the superintendent of the apartment building was so suddenly aroused from sleep and heard the summons of the sleuth, knowing what he did, there was an anxious look on his face as he came out of the elevator cage and strode toward the man who had asked for a conference

But when the old detective held out his hand, which Maybrick eagerly clutched in his own, he knew that he had nothing to fear in this quarter; his secret was safe in the keeping of this man's honor

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked, eagerly.

Glancing around, the detective saw that they could talk in low tones without any danger of being overheard. Toby had gone back to the door, and made out to be very much on the alert, while the elevator boy was fast dropping back to the state of slumber from which the sudden call had aroused him.

"On that other occasion when I chanced to drop in here you did everything in your power to assist me, Maybrick. I presume you would again?" he asked.

"Try me, sir," came the quick answer.

"I will. You have among your people here a certain gentleman by the name of Hollis Sutcliffe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I happen to be particularly interested in the party just at present. Could you tell me anything about his habits?"

"Not more than that, like a good many other gay gentlemen, he is hardly ever abed before late in the morning. I have talked with him now and then, but he only impressed me as a bright fellow, smarter than the usual run. I hope he hasn't been getting into trouble, sir?"

"Oh, well, that depends on the viewpoint one takes. He has engineered as shrewd a game as I have run across in many a day, but which will only owe its failure to the devotion a certain little girl has shown to her weak-kneed lover—an affection which is going to be the salvation of that same boy."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir, because, you know, I passed through something of the same experience. If I hadn't met Agnes when I did, I'd still be in the line of graft and trying to reap where I hadn't sown. Nothing like a woman's influence to make a man reform, sir. But about this same Mr. Sutcliffe, even if I can't help you out with any information, perhaps there may be some other way you can use me?"

"There is, Maybrick."

"Then tell me how, sir. You'll find me willing to serve you, just the same as I did on that other occasion when you took Harrington out of here and sent him up for twenty years as the man who had been playing the part of a society Raffles. He was the slick one, though. What do you want me to do, sir?"

"Take me up to Sutcliffe's apartment and let me look around."

"Do you know whether he chances to be in or not, sir?"

"Your man, yonder, Toby, says not, and that sometimes it's two and even three in the morning before Sutcliffe shows up. It's only one now, so possibly he may not come for quite some time. But we'll fix it so that if he should appear we'll know it before he starts up in the elevator. And the sooner we start the better, Maybrick."

"That's right, sir; come with me, please."

They were taken up to the sixth floor in the elevator after the superintendent had had a little talk with the doorman.

"I've fixed it with Toby, sir," the superintendent said, as he led the other along the corridor; "and if the gentleman happens to come in while you are up here he will let me know by stopping the elevator after it once starts and make the boy come back again. That will also give me time to hurry around here and warn you. This is the door to his apartments, sir."

"Will you open it, or shall I?" asked the detective, calmly.

"I have my pass key with me, so I will spare you the trouble, sir."

"In case he happens to arrive, how will you let me know?"

"By tapping on the door."

"Very good. Please open up, then."

A minute later he was on the other side of the door and had switched the light on.

Undoubtedly Maybrick had gone back to where the elevator passed that floor to wait for any sign from below, in order to warn his companion of danger of discovery.

The detective lost no time, once he found himself free to look around in the room of the plotter who had come so near ruining the life of poor Billie Throgmorton. He started a search for some sort of evidence that, by its unexpected production, would confound the scoundrel did he attempt to deny his guilt. An expert along this line, and capable of making a rapid search, the sleuth was careful not to betray the fact that some one had been opening trunks and drawers promiscuously and going over the contents of the same. Twice he seemed to make some important discovery, for after a hasty glance he concealed something, on each occasion, in one of his pockets

From the satisfied grunt which the detective allowed himself to give after these finds it was plainly evident that he had not had his search for nothing.

There were two rooms in the suite, together with a private bath, and these had been furnished with a lavish hand, for those who took up their residence

(Continued on page seventeen.)

HOMES OF WOMEN WRECKED BY THE INVADERS.

Women deserve a better fate.

American women are better off than their European sisters in most respects. Our American girls, however, are of highly nervous organization and usually suffer from troubles peculiar to their sex

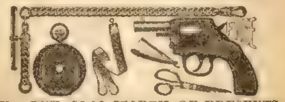
When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, when women pass through the changes of middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances.

At these critical times women are best fortified by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old remedy of proved worth that keeps the entire female system perfectly regulated and in excellent condition.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak, lack ambition, are troubled with headaches, lassitude and are pale and sickly, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just what they need to surely bring the bloom of health to their cheeks and make them strong and healthy.

For all diseases peculiar to woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful restorative. During the last 40 years it has banished from the lives of tens of thousands of women the pain, worry, misery and distress caused by irregularities and diseases of a feminine chacacter.

If you are a sufferer, if your daughter, mother, sister, needs help, get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form at any medicine dealers today. Then address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive confidential advice from a staff of specialists that will not cost you a penny. Today is the day; 136-page book on women's diseases sent free.



FREE—$8.00 WORTH OF PRESENTS
With each of our Ladies' or Gents' Genuine American $15.00 watches, all for $5.95, subject to your examination, we will give absolutely FREE a $5.00 highly polished steel 7-shot Revolver, one $2.00 old-fashioned guaranteed Cutler Razor and a $1.00 finest quality horsehide, double self-honing Barber Strop. Just send us your order and we will ship you the whole outfit C. O. D. Examine the goods carefully and if you are fully satisfied then pay the expressman $5.95 and the outfit is yours. If not satisfactory, return at our expense. Offer lasts only [illegible] days so send order NOW. Address CARROLL CUTLER & CO., Dept. 29, CHICAGO

Greenbacks $1570 in Stage MONEY For 10c
Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits) wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of $1570 FOR 10 CENTS.
Enterprise Co., S3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago

CATARRH I CURED MYSELF with a simple home remedy. Write today for FREE treatise.
J. E. HARSHNER, 402 Gibraltar Building, KANSAS CITY, MO

MAKE MONEY by manufacturing and selling your own goods. We supply you special formulas by expert chemists. Government information obtained. Catalog Free. TEMPLE SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. R, Washington, D. C

Old Coins WANTED, $1 to $600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before [illegible]. Send 10c for our Ill., Coin Value Book. It may mean your fortune. OLD COIN CO., 402 EAST 51st ST., CHICAGO

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet X1013 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

COMBINATION ALUMINUM FUNNEL AND STRAINER

6 Useful Kitchen Utensils in 1 **FREE**

1. You have a Measuring Cup.
2. With screw cap base—A Pint Dipper.
3. Without base—A Wide Mouth Fruit Jar Filler.
4. With funnel attachment—A Wide Top Funnel.
5. With fine screen—A Fine Strainer.
6. With coarse screen—A Coarse Strainer.

Each part is made of pure Aluminum, the most sanitary metal for kitchen-ware. This useful utensil will be sent Free, with a $1.00 new or renewal subscription to the Blade or Ledger.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500 No. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

FREE

STARR HANDY HOLDER FOR CROCHET WORKERS

Did you ever drop your ball or spool of crochet thread when you had to get up temporarily from your work and then, when you came back, found it strung across the floor? This handy patented holder eliminates this trouble. It consists of a neat apron with a belt of heavy tape on which is fastened the holder. The holder is constructed so you can use an ordinary spool or insert half spools in each end of a ball of yarn so that it unwinds the same as a spool of thread. When through with your work, just fold the holder into the pocket of the apron with the rest of your work and you have everything together.

We have arranged with the inventor of the holder to send it complete with apron for a new or renewal subscription to the BLADE and LEDGER for $2.00 per year. In Canada, $2.50.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

SALESMEN—WANTED

WHO ARE YOU? PROVE IT AT BANKS, etc., by photo-identification credential (in fine leather pocketbook) furnished with $2,000 accident insurance policy; pays benefits for injuries or sickness, total cost $5 per year; double benefits $10. Agents wanted. Highest commissions. Address Underwriters, 1346 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

SALESMEN CLEAR $14.00 ON EACH ORDER for our punchboard deals. Address Behrend Bros., 4347 Adams St., Chicago.

SIDE LINE—ANY ONE WHO TRAVELS TO small towns, any district, can earn $60.00 to $80.00 per month, without a cent of expense, appointing boy agents to handle our papers; known everywhere, national circulation. Only takes a few minutes to pick out a boy. You'll find it refreshing to have nothing to sell. Very liberal proposition. Send us list of towns you make, address, etc., and we will send complete particulars. Boy Department, Dearborn and Illinois, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: NEW, MIGHTY, MONEY MAKING marvel. World startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized. Positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines. Women astounded, wild over it. Absolutely harmless. $1,000 guarantee goes with it. Make $50 to $100 weekly easy. Exclusive territory. No experience necessary. Credit granted. Own a business. Supply customers. Pocket big profits. Nature's mighty elements do the work. Hurry! Write today. Get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Sales Corporation, Desk R, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE $21 NEXT SATURDAY. BARND new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but two pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only $1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in three minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made $21 first eight hours. No charge for territory. Wendell Co., 572 Oak St., Leipsic, Ohio.

AGENTS SELL RICH LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Box 1, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHING everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—MAKE $10.00 A DAY SELLING rugs at $1.00 each, cost agents 55 cents. Size 36x68 inches, sell from one to six at each house. Sample rug by parcel post 98 cents. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Texas.

MAN OR WOMAN OF GOOD CHARACTER in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; $15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. C, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELL GUARANTEED hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

400 PER CENT PROFIT. EVERGRIP gliders. No rollers. Pocket samples free. Any one can attach. Cost 3c sell 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors and carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 20 J, Warren St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS—PAIR SILK HOSE FREE. STATE size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. F, 112 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WILL PAY RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN $12.50 to distribute 100 free pkgs. perfumed borax soap powder among friends. No money required. B. W. Ward and Company, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

AGENTS—500 PER CENT PROFIT; GOLD and silver sign letters for store and office windows. Any one can put on. Write today for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL D. S. S., CAtarrhal Remedy. Guaranteed to kill catarrh germs. Manufactured from a berry that grows in the woods. 25c. D. S. Spicher, Hillsdale, Pa.

WE START YOU IN A SOAP AND TOILET goods business. Without a dollar. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Toilet Co., 3024 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.

AGENTS! MAKE $8.10 NEXT SATURDAY; our Smokeless Lamp Burners sell themselves; write for samples. Finch, 593 Grandville, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FIRST DOZEN FREE TO AGENTS, MEN, women, demonstrate 25c household article. Quick seller, exclusive territory, constant repeater. B. L. King, Coudersport, Pa.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO men with rigs to introduce poultry compound Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kan.

MANEUVERING WAR GAME 25C. AGENTS wanted. Smith & Caron, 2665 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED

MEN OF IDEAS AND INVENTIVE ABILITY should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 11, Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED. WE WILL COMpose music and arrange for publication immediately. Dugdale Co. Studio 1204, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—BOYS TO SELL THE BLADE and LEDGER. People in every town in the United States want some boy they can depend on to deliver to them those two great papers each week. You get two cents out of each nickel you take in. You don't send us money until you sell the papers, you can return heads of unsold papers, so you pay for only what you sell. You can earn $1.00 to $5.00 per week for a few hours' work on Saturday. Get a Paper Route of your own, before some other boy Beats You To It. W. D. Boyce Company, 502 No. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Ledger's WANT ADS

Dec. 5, 1914.

W. D. Boyce Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—

Your paper pays me well every month in the year. I can not say this about many other papers I use. I have been using your paper for several years, and results are better from year to year.

With best wishes, I am

Yours truly,
C. J. OZMENT, Pres't
Ozment's Civil Service College.

HELP WANTED (Continued.)

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED. $65.00 TO $150 month. Government life jobs. Common education sufficient. Thousands vacancies yearly. Write immediately for list of positions and examination schedule Franklin Institute, Dep't O 30, Rochester, N. Y.

I HAVE A CONTRACT TO DISTRIBUTE A million free packages borax soap powder. Want reliable men and women to help. $15.00 weekly. A. Waverly Brown, 730 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

MAKE BIG MONEY MAILING CIRCULARS for others. Valuable instructions, sample circulars and copy of the "Mailers' Magazine" all free. Send post card. Hallamore, Box 2, Washington Bridge, New York City.

$8.00 PER HUNDRED PAID FOR NAMES and addresses. Steady work; stamp for particulars. Address Box 102-65, Sta. N, Baltimore, Md.

SILVERING MIRRORS, PLATING TABLEware, auto-brass home. Booklet-plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, E-Grant, Marion, Ind.

EARN CASH—NO CANVASSING. CLASSIFY names. Dime for contract. Midwest, The Wellington, Waterloo, Iowa.

I WILL START YOU IN THE MAIL ORDER business free if you will handle my goods. Crest Co., F, Atlantic City, N. J.

WE PAY 25C EACH FOR FARMERS' names. Send dime for contract. Sun, Leroy, Mich.

MALE HELP WANTED

BUSINESS MANAGER WANTED—RELIAble man to represent us in every county. Big money for good workers. Business established forty years. Product widely known and easy to sell. Unlimited opportunity for man with initiative energy. Write for full particulars. Monumental Bronze Co., 10 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS OF about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

BIG KANSAS COMPANY WILL START AMbitious man or woman in fast growing business; any locality; $3,000 yearly; spare time; no canvassing; no experience. We furnish everything. Write for unique selling plan. C. W. Eyestone, President, 172 E. 5th, Pittsburg, Kansas.

I WANT A RELIABLE MAN IN EACH county to give away premiums advertising Rogers 20 year silverware. Pay $52 monthly, also commission. Chance for advancement. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 806 Rogers Building, Philadelphia.

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN; $100 MONTHly; experience unnecessary; hundreds needed by the best railroads everywhere; particulars free. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

$10 PER 100 UPWARD PAID TACKING signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid secure territory. Shepard's Distributing Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST office, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS— Earn $25 to $100 weekly. We can positively show you by mail how to increase your salary. Prospectus free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 77, Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, CLERK-CARriers and rural carriers wanted. I conducted examinations—can help you. Trial examination free. Ozment (k), St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE; EARN $50 TO $100 weekly; travel all over the world. Write Dept. 115, United States Detective & Adjusting Agency, Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

$80 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES TO TRAVel, distribute samples and take orders, or appoint agents; permanent. Jap American Co., Chicago.

I MADE $50,000 IN FIVE YEARS WITH A small mail order business; began with $5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, Box 757, Lockport, N. Y.

AN INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY EARN $100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, 917, Lockport, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE—EARN $25 TO $75 weekly; chance to see the world with all expenses paid. Loraine System, Dept. 312, Boston, Mass.

BE DETECTIVES—OPERATE OWN LOCALity; experience unnecessary; secret service. Sturgill Detective Agency, Norton, Va.

BE A DETECTIVE; EXPERIENCE UNNECessary; new proposition; write for particulars. Secret service. Norton, Virginia.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

A RARE OPPORTUNITY MAKE COMFORTable living home sewing plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers reply. Send 10c for samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home-Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing. B. L., Rehoboth, Delaware.

FEMALE HELP—(Continued)

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER $2 DAILY? NO experience; constant spare time work, knitting hosiery; machines furnished on contract; we take product. Helping Hand Stores (Inc.) Dept. 904, Chicago.

LADIES: MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME. $10 per 100. No canvassing required. Send stamped-addressed envelope for full particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—MILLION acres now open to homestead entry in 25 states. Official 112 page book describes every acre in every county. How secured free. New laws, lists, etc. Price 25c postpaid Also maps, soil guides, complete information. Webb Pub. Co. (Dept. 108), St. Paul, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—MY SPECIAL OFfer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to any one who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how any one, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. "Investing for Profit" is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

WANTED—NAMES AND ADDRESSES. ALL kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory, 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell, or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS; $50.00 each; all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CASH FOR YOUR IDEAS—WRITE PHOTOplays; technical instructions, model scenario and list of buyers. Only 25 cents. Cooperative Writers, 4746 Malden, Chicago.

FREE—A COMPLETE COURSE IN PHOTOplay writing. Write The Enterprise Co., CP-Morton Bldg., Chicago.

MUSICAL

MUSIC TEACHERS WANTED. WRITE OR call. Information free. Guarantee results. Perfields Universal Music School Co., 950, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MONEY TO LOAN

6 PER CENT MONEY 6 PER CENT MONEY 6% loans may be obtained for any purpose on acceptable real estate security; liberal privileges; correspondence solicited. A. C. Agency Company, 758 Gas, Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo.; 446 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis.

CYCLECARS

GET DETAILS OF "IMP" CYCLECARS AT introductory prices. Try the new sport of motor iceboating. W. H. McIntyre Co., Dept. B, Auburn, Indiana.

HONEY.

BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY, 30 pound can $3.45, two or more cans $3.30 each. Sample 10cts. Price List Free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS AND GIRLS ARE BUYING THE Isk-Ka-Bibble puzzle. Lots of fun. Only 10c. Williams, 3132 Christiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RESORTS

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEkeeping at Cortez, Florida's great fishing resort. Terms reasonable. Address Mrs. J. C. Flowers, Cortez, Fla.

OLD COINS WANTED.

$50 PAID FOR HALF DOL. 1853 NO ARrows; $5 for 1878 Half S. Mint; $100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Get posted. Send 4c. Get our Illus. Coin Circular. It may mean large profits to you. Send now. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

BUFFALO NICKELS—25C EACH PAID FOR them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means $ to you. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 6, Newton, Ill.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK OF some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

TYPEWRITERS

GUARANTEED REMINGTON AND SMITH Premier rebuilt $10.00. Other bargains U. S. Exchange, Bellevue, Ohio.

BOOKS

BOOKS THE RARE KIND. FREE LISTS upon request. A. B. Stogan Pub. Co., 320 Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEDICAL

RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS SEND STAMP for booklet of remarkable cure for all forms rheumatism, lumbago, gout. Contains no dope, opiates, mercury, salicylates. Has cured thousands. McCarthy, H 107 Noble St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

THIS DEPARTMENT WANTS TO SERVE Blade readers. Your ad here will reach more than 6,000,000 people. Cost is $4.20 for 14 words and 30c for each additional word, cash with order, including Chicago Ledger.

THREE LIFE POSES, "WOMEN BEAUTIful," real photos, and catalog, 10c. H. Gaston, Bridgeport, Illinois.

4 FASCINATING POSES OF BEAUTIFUL women kind men like, 25c. Box 592, Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL

LONELY YOUNG WIDOW AGE 21, WEIGHT 135, owns nice comfortable home, 320 acres finest wheat land, near Pacific coast, worth $40,000. Income $3,000 yearly, also large bank account; good disposition, easy to get along with, will marry poor man if bright, honorable, ambitious and capable of managing property successfully. More particulars for any man answering quick, enclosing some postage. Address "Sincere," B 420, Farmingdale, S. D. (General deliveries not answered). This notice is genuine.

SALCURA BATH DE LUXE, LAKE OF Mystery's wonderful mineral production strengthens women and men. Ends all skin irritations and eruptions; relieves rheumatism; purifies blood. Brings "healing waters" of nature's springs to your home. Free booklet. Salcura Co., 389 Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY FOR WEALTH AND HAPPINESS. Hundreds rich, attractive, congenial and willing to wed. Interesting literature, testimonials, descriptions and photos Free! (Reliable—21st year). The Messenger, Jacksonville, Fla.

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS. Will marry. All ages. Directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited New plan. Dept. 27, 1228 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FORTUNE TOLD—EVERY PERSON should learn their future—instructive, valuable reading—send dime, stamped envelope, birth date—L. LeNor, 2821 Charlotte, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH PHOTOS AND descriptions of ladies and gents, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

STOP TOBACCO WITHOUT HARMFUL drugging. Quickly — Secretly — Pleasantly. Interesting booklet free. Ben Bradford, Asheville, N. C.

ACNE ERUPTIONS; RED NOSE; WORST cases permanently cured — disfigurement completely removed. Booklet free. Doctor Rodgers, 36 West Randolph St., Chicago.

MARRY—THOUSANDS WEALTHY, ANXious for early marriage; description free. Confidential. 268 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

"WONDERFUL DISCOVERY" CURES ALL female trouble. Guaranteed. Information free. Woman's Medical Institute, Box 42, Akron, Ohio.

FORTUNE TOLD—SEND DIME, BIRTH date, stamped-addressed envelope, three questions. Money back not suited. Betta Lane, Bevier, Mo.

MARRY—CATALOGUE WITH PHOTOS AND descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlished for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FUTURE TOLD; ALSO PAST; SEND DIME, birth date. A. B. Fay, 5730 Madison St., Chicago.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Mailed Free. The Correspondent (1), Toledo, Ohio.

LOVINE NEVER FAILS. EVERY PACKAGE guaranteed. Either sex. 10c. Two packages sealed, 20c. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

MARRY—BIG PAPER WITH ALL NAMES, addresses and photos, 20c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

MARRIAGE PAPER; HIGHEST CHARACter; sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colo.

LOVERS' SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETheart without delay. Powder and its "SECRET" 25c. Britt's, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

STUNNING PHOTOS OF GIRLS. REAL "beauties." Very clear. Set, 25c. Renzi, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

LOVE MAKING AND FORTUNE TELLING. Special tips 10c (sealed). Victor S. Co., Ottawa, Illinois.

MARRY RICH—HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free (sealed). The Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS

MOTHERS—SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK, "How to Train Your Boy to Make Money," written by a big-hearted man who has started more boys on the road to success than any other one in America. It tells—how to train your boy to be manly and independent—how to earn regular weekly salary—how to get his own clothes—how to handle money and accounts accurately—how to run a little business—It's free. Simply state your boy's name and age and the book will be sent. M. Siddall, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago.

The Stool Pigeon

(Continued from page fifteen.)

under the roof of the St. Cloud were usually able to pay a big sum for the privilege.

"Evidently Sutcliffe worships the almighty dollar and is ready to descend to any low game in order to line his pockets. Billie is his cousin, but he would send him out of the country brokenhearted so that he might win his sweetheart and occupy his place as the heir to the Throgmorton fortune. But, thanks to the love of that sweet little girl, he is going to find himself barking up the wrong tree, or I miss my guess."

Just then he caught the sound of hasty steps approaching the door of the apartment.

Then came a scratching noise.

It was Maybrick, warning him that Sutcliffe had shown up, and would arrive inside of a brief interval

CHAPTER XIX.

THE detective had arranged matters in his mind as to the course he should take in case of an interruption to his search for convicting evidence. He preferred that Sutcliffe should not know his wicked plans had run up against a snag until the time was ripe to land his man. Hence it was not advisable, then, that he be found rummaging through the bachelor apartments which Hollis maintained in the elegant St. Cloud.

Of course, he could have quickly opened the door and passed out into the hall, locking the same with the key the superintendent had left with him. However, what seemed to be a better plan had appealed to the detective, because it gave him a chance to hear what went on in the sitting room after Sutcliffe had entered. Somehow he seemed to feel that the man was not coming alone—that possibly Annesley would have found an opportunity to join him on the way or had waited for him in the street below, anxious to compare notes.

And should this prove to be the case, Old Fox Slavin would enjoy overhearing what the two conspirators said in conference. He had found a way in which this might be done, and, while it certainly carried with it a certain amount of fresh peril, that fact alone never caused the sleuth to quail; his method of judging an idea that came to him was to ask whether it would pay for the trouble. He had discovered early in his investigations that the sitting room opened out upon the fire-escape landing. This was really at a window in a small side hall, but one could climb over to it from Sutcliffe's window, providing he had his nerve with him. Perhaps Hollis may have chosen this suite with an eye to that opportunity; some men are longheaded enough to look ahead in that fashion, an insurance against being caught in an apartment fire like a rat in a trap is a feature connected with a location well worth noticing.

Well, the detective had locked the door and removed the key, which now reposed in his pocket. When Sutcliffe arrived he would find nothing out of the way in the manner of his door opening.

No sooner had Old Slavin heard that significant scatching sound than he immediately stepped over to the corner where he had the window all prepared for a sudden flitting. He swung out of it boldly, as though the ground might have been six feet below instead of seventy. Just as he had figured, it was easily possible for an energetic and athletic man to pass from that particular window over to the fire-escape landing. He made the exchange in three seconds and without the slightest mishap. And, having arrived, he immediately squatted down, with the idea of listening to whatever came to pass within that nearby room. The detective was gifted with a remarkably keen sense of hearing, and unless the talking was done in whispers he believed he would be able to catch most of it. Of course, this was arranged on the supposition that his suspicions prove true, and Annesley turn up with his confederate.

Occasionally there arises a chess player champion with a mind so remarkable that he can play ten games at the same time, and with his eyes blindfolded, winning nine of the lot against sturdy opponents. Ordinary men marvel at the feat and call him a wizard, which in one sense he undoubtedly may be. Old Fox Slavin possessed a brain built on this same order; he was able to figure out how others would go about things just as though he could read their several minds.

He simply believed that the natural course for Annesley would be to feel so uneasy at his house that he must get in communication with Sutcliffe, either by phone or personally. When he saw the other land in that house in Eighty-fifth street the detective had felt in his bones that Annesley would not stay housed until morning.

Sore Eyes **Granulated Eyelids,** Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust and Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting,** just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

Ah! a key was being inserted in the door, which immediately opened. Even at that moment Slavin inwardly chuckled to think how alarmed the watching superintendent must be because he had not passed out of that same door, which evidently Maybrick had continued to watch intently from around some convenient bend of the hall.

Immediately voices struck his ear. That would indicate the presence of some one with with Hollis, and the chances were that this must prove to be Annesley. At the first sound of the second voice the sleuth knew his surmise had been along the right lines; it was the same smooth tone he had listened to when Brutus Annesley had been soothing poor, distracted Billie. Somehow Old Slavin was reminded of the sleek, velvety foot of a cat, which on occasion could suddenly develop the sharpest of claws and sertach like a fiend. He believed that Annesley was in this class—treacherous by nature, yet with a faculty for allaying suspicion. He heard the door locked after they had entered. Then some one threw himself in an easy chair and yawned loudly; that must be Annesley, for he had gone through a similar performance earlier in the evening, showing that of late he had not rested as well as usual.

"How does it come that you are waiting for me when by all the signs you ought to be asleep at home?" asked the bachelor of the St. Cloud, and from the manner in which he spoke the detective knew he was lighting a cigar which he had taken from the humidor on the top of the sectional bookcase.

"That's just it, Hollis," replied the other. "I was so confounded uneasy that I couldn't get to sleep, and on thinking matters over I made up my mind to get up again, dress and run around to see you. I'll finsh the night on your davenport, if you don't mind, after we've had a little heart-to-heart talk."

"Why, what's gone amiss, Annesley? I thought things were working in apple-pie order. Has that fellow you hired to hide in the old man's library gone back on you? Now, I thought that a clever piece of work, if only you could lay your hand on the right sort of man to play the game through."

"I got the right man, without a doubt, and I feel dead certain he's played his cards just as we wanted him to."

"Then it isn't that you're worrying about?"

"It isn't that, Hollis."

"What, then? Did Billie leave on that steamer, which must have sailed by now? You said you'd see him off. I hope you didn't fall down there, old man?"

"I had him in a blue funk, and after I left he made use of the disguise I gave him, going down to the dock and boarding the steamer. I waited around some time, but there wasn't a sign of Billie, who was shut up in his little stateroom, I learned, and likely trembling at every sound for fear that it might mean his arrest on the charge of murder or manslaughter."

"Now you have got me guessing. I've mentioned two things that are of great importance to the success of our little scheme, and you admit that so far as you know they worked splendidly. Then what in the deuce is the matter with you? Billie is out of the way; the old man would not lift his finger to investigate, he must be so disgusted after finding out that his precious boy would set a common burglar to robbing him, even to giving him his night key—then who is there left to bother us?"

"H'm! the girl!"

"What! Do you mean Janet?"

"Sure I do, the little girl who loves your precious scamp of a weak-kneed cousin."

"But, see here, you must have some reason for saying that; it can hardly be just a haphazard guess."

"To tell you the truth, Hollis, I believe that Janet has been interesting herself in this matter in the hope of saving Billie from himself. I have some reason for suspecting that she has gone to get help from outside sources and employed a detective to watch over Billie."

"What? Tell me why you think this! Just when things look most rosy, you are giving me a chilly feeling, Annesley. Why a detective?"

"I'll tell you. You remember Bickerhoff?"

"Of course I do. But he isn't the one to leak."

"That's right. But he got me on the wire after I reached home and had seen Billie safe on board. Bick told me a suspicious fellow was around his place earlier in the evening. The first thing he did was to inquire how Pillsbury was. That aroused the German, who suspected he might be a newspaper reporter looking for a sensation. Then a little later he found him examining the book of addresses and had the page open to Pillsbury's place."

Sutcliffe swore half under his breath.

"Now, I wonder whether that man was a reported who had heard some vague talk about the affair and wanted to get a story out of it, or a detective scenting a frame-up of a job, with Billie in the net? But, then, Pillsbury left his old address some time ago by our directions?"

"Sure, but the fool gave his landlord his new address, so as to have his trunks sent, or something like that."

"I told you he was a fool and that he would prove the weak link in the chain if he wasn't watched like a hawk. In that case, if this was a sleuth, he could easily trace Henry and learn that he was as much alive as ever in all his life It was good you got Billie away in time They will have trouble in communicating with him. I'll get a man to meet him when he gets over, and make him believe he is being wtached, so that he may be arrested. But about Pillsbury—he ought to disappear."

"So I told him when I had him on the wire a while ago, and he promised to leave his lodgings right away"

The conclusion of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Unreasonable.

George Bernard Shaw is one of the few vegetarians who have remained true to the faith, and in a recent letter to a woman, reproaching her for her fight against the aigrette when she still ate meat, Mr. Shaw said:

"The lack of logic prevails everywhere! We call the tiger a ferocious and ravening beast, but what would you ladies be called if, for example, the lamb chop had a voice?"

* * *

A Dual Personality.

The President was talking about a statesman who was annoying him with a proposition he could not consider.

"The trouble with him," he said, "is that he seems to be half gentleman and half mule."

He paused and looked out of his office widow at a magnolia tree in bloom on the White House lawn.

"It is very difficult," Mr. Wilson continued, "to treat the mule half with the consideration demanded by the gentleman half.

* * *

WHAT HE RAISED.

You never heard of such a year!
  The cutworm started in the spring
To make his garden patch appear
  A useless and abandoned thing.
The chinch bug left his wheat a wreck,
  Rust made his oats unfit to thrash,
His corn crop dwindled to a speck,
  His flax and barley went to smash.

His clover was by drought undone,
  No little apple could he find.
The cabbage withered in the sun,
  He couldn't even raise the wind!
Things went so badly that, indeed,
  He never knew a year to match;
He didn't raise enough to feed
  The chickens that he couldn't hatch!

His pumpkins were a sorry sight,
  His turnips rotted in the ground;
Because of the potato blight
  No single tuber could be found.
A cyclone cut his early hay,
  He grew no fodder in the fall;
But Farmer Jenkins was blase—
  He raised his eyebrows—that was all!

THIN MODEL GOLD $1.98
10 Year Guarantee WATCH
Here is that genuine American stem wind, stem set watch you always wanted. One you can depend on, feel proud of. Sent at our risk, without one cent in advance. More durable than a $[illegible] gold watch, fully guaranteed for 10 years. Write if you prefer lady's or gent's 12 size, plain polished or beautifully engraved and we will send this elegant latest style, thin model, accurate timekeeper, C.O.D. by parcel post. Pay postmaster only $1.98 and postage when you receive watch and it is yours. [illegible] tell your friends; if not tell us. Write now. **LIGHT WATCH CO., Dept. H5. CHICAGO, ILL.**

FREE—Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Cork Screw with each order.
PURITY GUARANTEED
AGED IN BOND
Trade Mark
Mellow Springs Whiskey Private Stock
Maycliffe Distributing Co St Louis Mo
FREE
Beautiful Scroll Crystal Glass DECANTERS filled to the Brim With Delicious Wines And Cordials
SHERRY PORT ANGELICA WINE MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK
FREE THIS DECANTER FILLED WITH WINES AND CORDIALS

The famous old *Mellow Springs Whiskey*—private stock—the brand that once you try you will always buy. We want you to try it and we will take the risk. Send us any order in the list below—use a full quart bottle; try it yourself, treat your friends; test it every way; you are the judge; and if you are not more than satisfied it's the biggest whiskey bargain ever made, just return unused portion and we will refund all your money. These prices talk.

4	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$2.25
8	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$4.25
12	Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey	$6.25

Our Great FREE Offer

With each four quarts of *Mellow Springs Whiskey* we send you *absolutely free* a handsome scroll crystal glass decanter, with scroll glass stopper, filled with your choice of delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. In ordering state contents desired. This decanter is full size, free from advertising matter, a useful ornament to any sideboard. You can't beat the genuine old *Mellow Springs*, the same straight, pure, aged-in-bond whiskey physicians have always recommended for medicinal and home use. Not a better whiskey to be had at any cost. You pay double the price for inferior whiskey; but by selling direct to you and cutting out salesmen's expenses, etc., we have squeezed the price down to the last notch. *This wonderful offer will last but a limited time and we therefore urge you to take advantage and order immediately. Note—These are Full Quart Bottles.*

MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., Warehouse L ST. LOUIS, MO.

HISTORY IS BEING MADE
TO KEEP THOROUGHLY POSTED ON EVENTS

READ THE TRUE STORY OF THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR

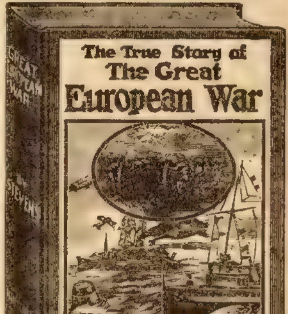
We are offering to the BLADE and LEDGER readers the first authoritative work published concerning affairs in Europe. HUMAN INTERESTS MIGHTY AND VAST ARE NOW AT STAKE. This soul staggering crash of events is the terrifying culmination of a series of political situations extending over a period of many years. For generations Europe has staggered under the burden of preparing for what is happening today.

Huge armies and navies have been maintained for the emergency that was bound to come sooner or later. That crisis is now here. The ultimate outcome is beyond the imagination of those who even dare to speculate on its horrors. The map of Europe will change; nations will be wiped out; dire poverty will reign supreme for generations; and civilization will be retarded a hundred years.

AND WHAT ARE THE REASONS FOR ALL THIS? What of the nations involved; their rulers, their armies and navies, and their resources? Are you familiar with the events of the last 50 years which, like a festering sore, have affected the peace of nations, until finally it has burst and changed all Europe into an armed camp and converted peaceful nations into vast blood-soaked battlefields? Do you comprehend all this? Read, "The True Story of the Great European War."

FREE This book, containing over 350 pages of printed matter and 100 Illustrations from actual photos, written expressly to post you on the events leading up to this world staggering War of Wars, together with a true account and pictures of the start of hostilities, brought right down to date, is absolutely FREE. Simply send us $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to the BLADE or LEDGER or $1.00 for 6 months' subscription to the BLADE and LEDGER both, and the book will be mailed you postage prepaid. Canada price, $1.50.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
504 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.


The True Story of The Great European War
GREAT EUROPEAN WAR

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she is well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

"Blessed are the peacemakers."

Unto each the joy that he deserves!

It's easy for some men to drink hard.

Some people would rather be happy than good.

Optimism is a good thing when not overworked.

Money by any other name would be as hard to get.

Wrinkles are little ruts made by the wheels of time.

Many a man gets left because he doesn't do right.

Words are used either to express ideas or the lack thereof.

A tennis player says divorces are the finals in the doubles.

Most of the things to be had for the asking are not worth it.

G'wan and spend your money! Do you want the holdup men to get it?

Just before Christmas the days are shortest—the men, after Christmas.

If we do not wrap up a little love with our Christmas gift, what is the use?

Hasten your final preparations against conflagrations in Christmas whiskers.

Nature constructed a silly woman that she might puncture the wisdom of a wise man.

Nothing affords a woman more pleasure than to do things that worry her rivals.

The longer you put it off the harder will be the brainstorm when you begin to buy.

Thus far no one has reproved Santa Claus for not conserving the supply of Christmas trees.

Father has a few more days in which to become reconciled to the inevitable Christmas necktie.

Oh, no, indeed, Petunia, we don't mind advising at all. Give your grandmother a pair of skis. You are entirely welcome!

It should not be held against that hard-working common carrier, the parcel post man, if occasionally he harbors the delusion that he is Santa Claus.

Absorbed in personal troubles of a similar nature, the Christmas shopper may have failed to observe that the days are becoming shorter and shorter.

They help most, as has been tritely but not too often remarked, who help others help themselves. There is no other Christmas gift like a job to the unemployed.

A Scratched Face

By Arthur W. Peach

UNDER the cover of the night, Shipe, hobo and wanderer, tired, and looking for a place to rest, crept down beside the long freight that was ready for the hard haul through the West River valley. The train had been made up. Far down near the caboose the lanterns showed that the brakemen were waiting for the final word.

Shipe tested the doors and found one that slid open a little after he had pried the lead seal apart, and cut it partly off with his knife. He crawled up and in, and discovered he was in an almost empty car in which hay had been carried, for some of it was thick on the floor. Joyfully, he scraped a little of it together and settled himself comfortably upon it, then reached for the quart bottle of whisky which he had purchased at the saloon near the roundhouse.

He was in for a long ride, and he intended to enjoy it in regal style, but hardly had he picked up the bottle before the door was opened softly, and quickly and like cats, two forms drew themselves in.

At first he thought they were brakemen, but their attitude told him the truth—they were of his own kind. They saw him at the same time, and one said in a low voice: "Hullo, pard, room enough for two more?"

"Sure thing, gents; room enough in this private car fer all our frien's," Shipe answered.

They sat down in a corner, two bags at their feet and began to talk in a low tone. A whistle sounded, and the train moved.

As it started one of the men came over to him where he was struggling to remove the cork from the bottle and sat down beside him. "Say, pal, can you give us any idea of the country beyond the Ridge?" he asked.

"Sure thing," Shipe answered; "I've hoofed it many the time."

"He knows it, Jake," the man called to his comrade, and the other came over.

As he bent as if to sit down Shipe saw him crouch, and the next moment Shipe, astonished and dazed, was flat on the floor of the car, held in a vise; straw was being jammed into his mouth, and some sort of a thong was twisted around his legs.

Shipe was amazed, indignant and puzzled. Little they would get out of going through him; he had spent the last cent for the whisky. But they made no effort to go through his pockets, or to harm him in any way. He wondered what was up.

His face was suddenly caught between two strong hands, and held with the right cheek upward. A word or two was exchanged; then Shipe felt on his face a hand rest with the nails down. There was a moment's pause; then the hand and nails set, and, sharply and painfully, they went across his face.

He swore at them and tried to struggle, but they held him with ease. They seemed to study his face under the light of a match held close, and one said: "That'll do!"

As they got up the man with the heavier voice said: "We've jest gin you a tag t' remember us by, pal—that's all."

Then to his astonishment they calmly undid his bonds.

He sat up, a little stupefied by the situation, and rubbed his smarting cheek.

Looking up, he saw them busy at the door, and suddenly they disappeared, silently, shadowy, into the dusk.

He rubbed his cheek, his mind in a deeper snarl as to the reason why the men should deliberately scratch him in the manner they did. Reaching for his whisky bottle, he found it gone; searching the corner where the men were, he did not find it, and the truth dawned upon him, arousing his anger.

"The nerves of the Micks, to pinch the good stuff! They must be crazy—what d'ye know?" he asked the freight car.

He drifted back to his pile of straw, and, wearied out, hungry and angered, dropped to sleep.

He woke to find the freight stopped, and a sharp voice speaking outside to some one. "We're going through every train, coach, or dump that leaves Shirley; that's settled. See? I've got the right here."

The door rattled. "Hullo! this has been snipped," the voice said.

The door swung open and a flash of light blinded Shipe.

There was a scrambling, and Shipe was pounced upon and dragged to his feet. He was sleepy, but as the light brought the place into view, he saw in the hard faces of the men about him a terrible earnestness that woke him up to the realization of where he was.

"By God," the leader exclaimed, pointing to Shipe's face. "We've got him boys!"

They crowded close, murmuring.

Shipe, chilled by their attitude, said cheerfully: "Yep, you've got me, all right, all right; but it ain't the first time I've been pinched for riding without payin' up."

"We don't want you for that," came the cold voice. "We want you for murder!"

"What!" Shipe cried, trembling, and reaching for the man. "I ain't hurt anybody—man—I——"

"Oh, no," the other said, sliding the handcuffs in position. "Of course not; but, you see, just before the girl died she let out on you—she scratched the face of the man who struck her, and you've got the scratch just as she said; you've come from the place where you did the stunt. Oh, no, of course not! Come on!" The voice changed from grim sarcasm to short, sharp command.

Shipe, beginning to realize what had been the purpose of the men who had scatched his face, was snaked from the car.

From the station he was hustled into a cab and shot through the streets to a lighted office, where he faced a grim-eyed man. He was thoroughly frightened by that time, startled at the grim men about him. Evidently the murder had been done under circumstances that had stirred them, or some one had been murdered in a way that aroused their pity and desire for revenge.

He was asked to tell his story, but it was too pitifully absurd. One of the cheap lawyers hanging around the city courts offered to defend him until he heard it, then he turned away with a shrug.

Finally, with all its terrific meaning, the full realization of what he was facing flashed upon Shipe. He had been a wanderer and an outcast and lonely; but he was loneliest of the lonely at that moment, the center of hard, cruel eyes, and absolutely helpless. He was cornered, tied, and at the mercy of what he could not defy. He turned this way and that; bars were everywhere.

Coldly the questions came; impassively the gray, grim figure at the desk wrote the answers down; grimly the circle about him stood.

"He'll go to the chair for this," Shipe heard a guttural voice say behind him.

With a scream he turned and fought for the door, blindly, desperately, using his hands, teeth, feet, he fought; but at last he crumpled into submission.

He was jerked to his feet and again he faced the man at the desk.

The man started to ask a question when he turned to answer the telephone; he listened, said something under his breath, stared at Shipe, then turned back and said, "All right."

He threw down his pen. "Well, that's a queer go, and I guess it's a lucky thing. I've got the word," he said to the detectives and regulars in the room, "that a doctor from the little village at the Ridge has just telephoned in, saying that two men are at his house very dangerously ill, and that one of them has a scratched face—matches this chap's yarn; and I guess he's right. The doctor says they seem to be victims of some poisoning; he thinks it must be wood alcohol poisoning. How could they get poisoned. You know?"

Shipe pressed his hand against his throat as if to stay the spasm there. "Yes, sir, I got—a quart—for ten cents; I guess it was—cheap—an' they—pinched it on me; they must 'a' drunk it after they got out, fer I couldn't find it."

The man at the desk smiled. "That's the first time in my recollection that a quart of whisky ever proved the one friend in need. You're lucky, my man; that that country doctor had read the morning paper, and that you didn't drink the stuff yourself. We're going to lock you up over night; but we'll fill you up and give you a warm place to sleep. Myers, take him along."

* * *

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Calm on the listening ear of night
  Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
  Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
  Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
  Make music on the air.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain
  The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
  O'er Judea's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" The sounding skies
  Loud with their anthems ring.
"Peace on the earth; good will to men,
  From Heaven's eternal King!"

WE GIVE FREE

This **GOLD PLATED LOCKET**, opens to hold two pictures, set with a sparkling similitude **DIAMOND**, and a 22-inch **NECK CHAIN** and these 4 beautiful **GOLD PLATED RINGS** to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c. each and send us the $1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address **M. B. DALE MFG. CO.** Providence, R. I.

GREAT SPECIAL OFFER 80¢ FULL QUART EXPRESS PAID

—TO NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY—

HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY

Full Quart—Only 80 Cents—Express Paid

WE want every man in America who has never tried Hayner Whiskey to try it NOW. Cut out this ad—mail it with your order and 80 cents in stamps or coin—and the full quart bottle of *Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey* will be sent in sealed case—express charges paid. It's fine—a *Bottled-in-Bond* whiskey of the choicest kind—sealed with the Government's Green Stamp over the cork—your assurance it is fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—as good and pure as can be produced. It's *sure* to please you—*sure* to win your future trade. You take no chances—we are responsible—been in business 48 years—capital $500,000.00 fully paid. Don't put this off *—order right now*—order MORE than one quart if you like—and goods will go forward by first express.

NOTE: Orders from N. Mex., Colo., Wyo., Mont., and all states west thereof must call for $1.00 for one quart—express paid. L-B-24

(All future orders must be for FOUR quarts or more)

Address our nearest office

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., Dept. A-30

Dayton, Ohio St. Louis, Mo. Boston, Mass. New Orleans, La.
Toledo, Ohio Indianapolis, Ind. Kansas City, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Jacksonville, Fla.

HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY BOTTLED IN BOND THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.

Boys! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week

selling the **BLADE** and **LEDGER** and **FARMING BUSINESS.** These are the greatest papers published and people in every town want to have some one they can buy them from each week. We give you two cents out of each nickel you take in. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. The Farming Business reaches you on Wednesdays. The Blade and Ledger reaches you on Fridays. Only one report a week. It is easy to sell them and get steady customers. You can't LOSE. Be one of the boys who make steady money each week, and **OWN A PAPER ROUTE OF YOUR OWN.** Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit and a letter telling you just how to sell the papers and what to say. We tell you exactly how to get customers. It is easy. GET THE JOB BEFORE SOME OTHER BOY BEATS YOU!

Fill this out and send it to us today

I will sell your three papers. Send me outfit and instructions and
..............copies of Farming Business and
..............copies of Blade and Ledger.

Name....................
Street or R. F. D. No. ....
Age .... Town. .... State .

Spurs Well Won

Or, THE WOLF PATROL

By John M. Tranter, Scout Master

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 48, November 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

THE three scouts who had been left behind to guard the camp were plainly pleased to see their comrades appear once more. And when they heard what the others had to tell how their eyes did open to the limit, while various exclamations from time to time proved what a thrill the wonderful news had given them!

"Oh! what wouldn't I give to see that [illegible] working like a slave for a bigger bully than he is himself!" sighed Dolph.

"Well," remarked Luke, "it was peaches and cream for me, I c'n tell you, because only a few weeks ago Curly Bunch threw my little brother Hiram into a frog pond because he sassed him back. I was just a-thinkin' how I could get even, but now it's all off my mind. You never saw such a sight in your life, as them fellers sneakin' around, doin' their stunts and dodgin' kicks and clubs and fists. They thought they'd have a bully old picnic with us up here; but now the boot's on the other foot. It makes a heap of difference who does the jumpin', let me tell you."

"What do you aim to do about it, Karl?" asked Brose, eagerly, his eyes sparkling with excitement, for all these [illegible] had fired his imagination [illegible].

"I notice that you boys have begun to get lunch going," said the patrol leader, quietly, "and as we'll all be hungry soon enough, I reckon we'd just better have the feed out of the way before we start trying to get in touch with Culver."

Something about the words gave Brose an inspiration.

"Oh! say, do you really mean that, Karl?" he exclaimed; "am I goin' to wigwag all about these here great goings-on to Walt Baxter, and have him call up the chief of police on the 'phone to put him wise about these hobo robbers that cleaned out Mr. Barlow's store?"

"Do you think it can be done, Brose?" asked the other, soberly.

"Why, not?" demanded the signal operator of the troop. "Ain't Walt 'n me been practicin' sendin' and receivin' a long time now? Why, we talked like good fellers a mile apart just last week, and when we came to compare our notes there wasn't hardly a wrong word. Course it c'n be done, Karl; that is, if Walt ain't gone and forgot about our arrangement, which I don't think'd happen."

"All right, then," remarked the patrol leader, calmly. "I'm going to give you a try-out, Brose; and if you make good you'll deserve the medal of a first-class scout, sure you will."

Brose glowed with satisfaction. He seemed hardly able to control himself, so eager was he to start in operations looking to getting into communication with the lame boy back in Culver.

"Hope you'll excuse me, boys, from not helping any longer to get lunch ready, but I want to be practicing my alphabet now, so I c'n handle my end of the line when I get Walt going," he remarked, withdrawing from the group.

"What a good thing it was we picked out the right kind of wood, that makes only the lightest of smoke," remarked Joe King, as he worked at the fire.

"Well, didn't Karl say it was always best to be particular what you took, when you had any choice?" Dolph told him. "But all this don't tell us what happened to that loaf of bread, with the hunk of cheese, and the bag of prunes that disappeared so queerly last night. Think one of Dan's crowd could have come up here and swiped it?"

"How about that, Jack?" asked Joe, turning to the second in command, who chanced to be working near him and must have caught Dolph's remark.

"Well, from all we heard said it seemed that they hadn't been up on the ridge yet, and, glimpsing that black smoke, they just guessed we made it. Shows how little they know about scoutcraft. Tramps use any old kind of timber for a fire, but scouts learn to be some particular about what they burn, for enemies might be around, and smoke can be seen ever so far."

"I s'pose, now, this queer old business is a-goin' to knock some of our plans sky high?" suggested Dolph, with a ring of disappointment in his voice. "I'll be sorry about that, because I was hoping to see some mighty interesting things happen when Karl got his flashlight busy, and a trap arranged, so that Mr. Coon and Mr. Mink would take their own pictures by springing the trigger that set off the torch."

"Oh! don't worry about that, Dolph," Jack assured him, "you know right well that Karl's head over ears interested in that sort of thing. He says what's the use of shooting animals just for sport, when you can get ten times as much fun in playing your skill against their cunning, and make them take their own photographs? Huh! struck me as pretty tame, at first, because, you know, I'm a crank on hunting; but say, the more I get to thinking about it the better I like the game. Before we pull up stakes and strike for home, p'raps Karl'll win me to his way of thinking."

Karl had come up in time to hear the conclusion of Jack's remarks.

"Well," he said, with a smile, "here's the way I took at it, fellows. When you go out into the woods and pit your skill and patience and intelligence fairly against the cunning of a timid and suspicious little animal like a skunk, a weasel, a mink, or even a 'coon, and come back with a pretty good photograph of him, taken by himself, I say you've shown a heap more knowledge of woodcraft and the habits of wild animals than if you'd just sat there and knocked the poor little chap over with a shot from your gun when he showed up, drawn by your bait. Of course, if you need fresh meat in camp, that's a different thing; but when it's just pure sport you're after, you'll get a dozen times as much doing what I'm aiming after than in killing these harmless little creatures."

"Grub's ready!" announced Joe just then.

There never seems to be a time when camping boys are not about half-starved. If meals came only three hours apart they would be ready to do full justice to the good things provided. And so, although the cooks had been wise enough to supply a quantity that would seem to be enough for twice the number of diners, when the last member of the Wolf Patrol declared himself fully satisfied it would have required a microscope to have discovered any food remaining.

"I had a cracking good idea just now, boys," remarked Dolph, about the time the last of the food supply vanished and the scouts were getting up, Brose eager to receive his last orders from the patrol leader, and Foxey hoping that if Karl proposed going back to watch what was happening in the hobo camp he might be selected to accompany him there.

"Well, let's have it, then, before it gets away," chuckled Karl, who was secretly pleased to see a decided improvement in the tenderfoot scout, and wished to encourage him in every way possible.

"If you go back there again this afternoon, Karl," said Dolph, "what's to hinder your taking your little kodak along and finding a chance to snap off a picture of Dan and the rest playing slave to the tramp crowd?"

"Say, that's all right, Dolph, and a bully good idea!" exclaimed Luke. "P'raps there may be people who'll give us the merry ha-ha when we tell that story, and it'd just take their breath away if we could flash a fine picture before 'em, showing Dan takin' a flapjack head over heels when he got a lift from the foot of that big hobo; or else Curly, standing on his head. Could you do it, Karl? The little click of the camera ain't goin' to carry all the way to camp, and behind them bushes you'll find plenty of good places where you could take a crack!"

"Oh! please try it, Karl!" added Dolph immediately impressed with the fact that he had by accident run across a fine idea, which would bear cultivating.

"Them animal pictures may be all to the good," Foxey was heard to say, softly, "but nothin'd tickle me half so much as to see one of Dan actually working, 'cause nobody ever knew him to do much of that. Karl try and fix it so you c'n try. Gee! I'd be willing to take all the risk myself, if you don't care to."

Karl appeared to be reflecting, for he never did things without due thought, unless there was dire need for quick action, and then he could plunge in as fast as any other fellow, no matter how impatient and nervous.

"I sort of like the idea," he announced, shortly; "and anyway I'll carry my kodak along, so if a good chance comes I may snap off a picture. It would be proof of our story when we came to tell it, no matter what Dan said to the contrary. For while I've seen some fake pictures, it's easy to pick them out, and as a rule you get the absolute truth in a photograph. Yes, the more I think about your scheme, Dolph, the better I like it."

How particular he was to give the tenderfoot full credit for originating the idea, when some fellows would have only too eagerly seized upon it, and by making a few slight changes, claimed all the glory. But Karl was not that kind of a lad; and moreover, he had set his heart on doing everything in his power to make the timid Dolph a true scout, thoughtful, brave and at the same time losing none of his former gentleness.

"Of course you expect me to climb up to the peak," Brose interrupted to say, as he gripped his signal flags in his hand; "because that was where I fixed with Walt to look for the wagwag telegraph at work."

"Yes," Karl told him, "it happens that the hobos can't see the peak at all from their camp. I made sure of that when we were over there, and thought it a lucky thing for us."

"Blest if you don't just think of nearly everything, Karl," said Jack, who admired the patrol leader more than he did any other boy he had ever known.

"Oh! you're away off there," the other hastened to say. Don't be so silly as to get that idea in your head, Jack; because there are heaps of things I fail to see or grasp, even though I try to keep my eyes and ears open all the time. But practice makes perfect, they say, and I feel that I'm getting better all the while. Now, Brose, understand what our plans are. You go to the peak, and start in with your flags. Every five minutes or so give a try. If you raise him, then start in to send the message I've written out, and made as short as I could while telling the main facts. But when the sun gets down so that you think it's three o'clock, and I've already told you how to make sure of that by the shadows, why come back to camp here. I'm going with Foxey to spy on the tramps again, and I'll make sure to be back by that time to hear your report and decide on our further action. Get that, Brose?"

"Sure I do, every word, Karl, and you c'n just depend on me to carry out my part of the bargain to the dot and the dash. Here's hoping Walt is on deck, and that he gets the message straight. Whew! what a hustle there'll be at police headquarters when the telephone rings, and Walt tells what the scouts have wigwagged in from Raccoon Ridge. I'm off now, Karl. So long!"

The others saw the signal sender hurry away, heading upward toward the peak of the long and ragged ridge, from which a splendid view of the distant town could be obtained through the field glasses which Karl had been wise enough to fetch along, under the impression that they were apt to come in useful.

And it goes without saying that the heartiest of good wishes were wafted after Brose as he thus started on his important errand, which, if successfully carried out, would bring about the downfall of the three yeggs, and the release of their miserable slaves Dan and his cronies.

CHAPTER XI.

"DO WE start back there now, Karl?" inquired Foxey, whose face had

DIABETES.

Quickly cured with the wonderful tropical herb, Diabetol. Gives relief from first dose. To prove, will mail week's supply for 25 cents. Booklet free. Ames Chemical Co., Box 205-M, Whitney Point, N. Y.

Learned to Play the Piano In One Hour at Home!

Without lessons or knowledge of music thousands are learning to play the piano or organ in one hour. Wonderful system that astonishes everybody.

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the piano or organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing your favorite music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

"What Do You Think of That! Never Played Before and Now Just Hear Her!"

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in the Blade and Ledger."

SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER.

The complete system, together with 100 pieces of music, will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid. No C. O. D.—no deposit—no guarantee—absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50 and a small monthly payment until $6.50 in all is paid. The monthly payments are so small you will never notice them, and you can have all the delights of music while paying for it. Play the waltzes, two-steps, the stirring marches, the grand old church hymns; entertain your family and friends. Then if you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us. A genuine free trial in your own home, without any obligations whatever—we make this extremely liberal offer to introduce—but only for a limited time.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ. Do you read old-style note music? Give home address, street and number or R. F. D. Write quick while the special offer lasts! Address

Easy Method Music Company
706 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $80 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 22, London, Canada.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR.M.NEY SMITH, Specialist, 304 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Knit Wool Shawls White or —Red— FREE!

We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in two colors, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways; as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

These shawls are large and well-made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one FREE OF ALL CHARGE, if you enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to either the Blade or Ledger.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white or red.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber please say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

Cut out this adv. and send with your money. Canadian subscriptions $1.50 a year for each paper.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500 N. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

been wreathed in smiles ever since he heard the patrol leader say that he was to go along when the latter made another visit to the neighborhood of the hobo camp.

"Right away, Foxey," was the welcome reply he received.

A few minutes later and the pair were off, Karl having left orders with Jack as to what those who remained behind should do, until such time as he and Foxey returned again.

Following the same course they had taken in the first place, and which he had as usual carefully noted, so that he would experience no trouble about keeping on the right track, Karl soon led the way to the place where they must get down on their hands and knees and begin crawling forward. Presently this had to give way to even more strenuous work, for they dropped flat on their stomachs and "hunched" along.

In due time, however, they managed to gain their former position, where they could watch what went on in the camp without being themselves seen.

Karl first of all located all of the three tramps, for if one of them chanced to be missing there might be trouble, since the discovery of the presence of the Boy Scouts in the vicinity would alarm the robbers.

But they were all present, and the trio of dejected boys as well. Dan and his two cronies sat on one side of the fire, evidently talking in low whispers, but trying not to attract the attention of their oppressors any more than they could help. The man called Clipper seemed to be keeping his pistol in plain sight, and every now and then would even take the trouble to expose it to the gaze of the boys, who thereupon ceased communicating, and shrank back, as though appalled.

Dan was certainly looking as though he had been put through a threshing machine, Foxey thought, as he managed to get a good look at the bully. Both his eyes were shrouded in the deepest gloom, and he had numerous cuts and lumps scattered about on his face that must have pained him very much.

The others groaned involutarily whenever they happened to make a sudden move; from which it might be guessed that while their faces did not show signs of wear and tear so much as Dan's did, they were nevertheless far from feeling gay or comfortable.

And bad as the situation may have seemed, the worst was yet to come, they must have believed, as they watched the men who were lounging near by, every now and then giving a new order that the boys had to hasten and carry out, no matter how it hurt to move.

Karl had really taken the suggestion made by the tenderfoot scout in good faith, and as he thus lay there he was figuring on whether it would pay him to risk trying to get a picture of the camp.

The sun, being pretty well overhead, was favorable for such a scheme, if only he could get a decent focus. And as Karl had done considerable work at photography, he knew many of the little wrinkles connected with the business that promised to be of assistance now.

He gradually managed to arrange matters so that there was an unobstructed space just beyond the little pocket kodak; and he believed he had taken the proper range, so that the only necessary thing now was a fitting episode that his instantaneous lens might catch for future use.

Don't Merely "Stop" a Cough

Stop the Thing That Causes It and the Cough Will Stop Itself.

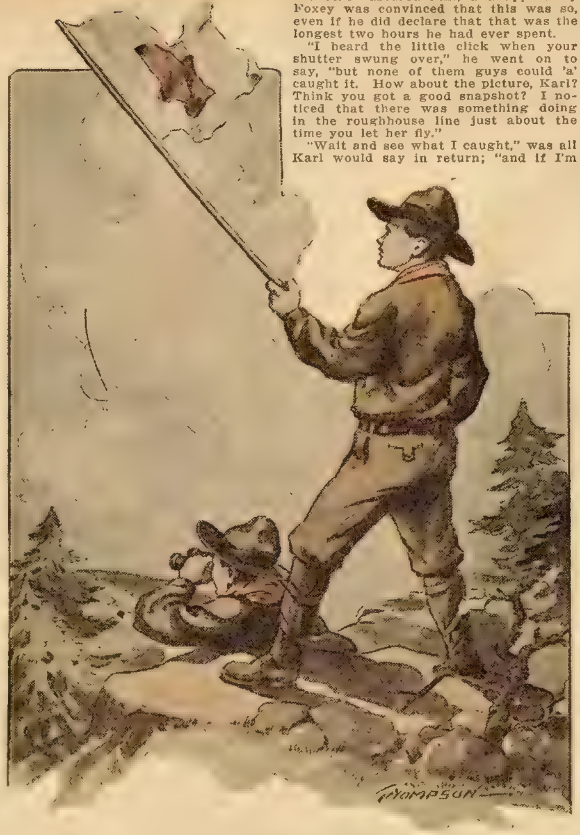
A cough is really one of our best friends. It warns us that there is inflammation or obstruction in a dangerous place. Therefore, when you get a bad cough don't proceed to dose yourself with a lot of drugs that merely "stop" the cough temporarily by deadening the throat nerves. Treat the cause—heal the inflamed membranes. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make an obstinate cough vanish more quickly than you ever thought possible.

Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you a full pint of the most pleasant and effective cough remedy you ever used, at a cost of only 54 cents. No bother to prepare. Full directions with Pinex.

It heals the inflamed membranes so gently and promptly that you wonder how it does it. Also loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, and is famous the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., 204 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Brose sent his message unusually fast.

This finally came, when one of the men announced that it was about feeding time again, and, going over to the boys, proceeded to kick each and every one of them into action. Karl's finger pressed the bulb just while Curly was being raised by the hobo's shoe, with the other pair scrambling hastily out of the way, looking about as terrified as could be. And he was satisfied he must have secured a picture that would repay him for all the trouble it had cost.

He and Foxey lay there as the slow minutes dragged on. Again and again they saw Dan and his mates get cuffed and knocked about, as suited the ugly humor of the cowardly trio. Not a voice arose in protest no matter what happened, for the men were all of the same stripe.

Watching a chance when the tramps were feeding, each waited on by an abject and shivering "slave," Karl gave Foxey the sign that meant a retreat. They "made haste slowly," for it was just as important that none of the boys discover them as that the men should be kept in utter ignorance regarding their presence, because Dan or Curly or Chunky might on the spur of the moment call attention to the fact that there were spies prowling around, in the hopes that a diversion would thus be created in their favor, which would enable them to slip away.

In good time, however, the two scouts found themselves beyond the range of discovery, when they could at least rise to their knees, and make more rapid progress away from the vicinity of the hostile camp.

"Oh! ain't they getting all that's comin' to 'em, though?" Foxey whispered, fairly wild to say something, for they had been lying there hours and hours, it seemed to him, without a chance to communicate a single word.

"They're sure in a bad hole," Karl admitted, shaking his head; "and I'm sorry to see how they've been jumped on, but it may be a lesson, and since he knows now how it feels to be bullied, p'raps Dan'll let up some in knocking others around. But if we are lucky enough to get the police up here, and they do manage to grab those hobos, you'll see some boys that ought to be thankful enough, though you'd hardly expect them to feel that way toward us scouts."

"Mebbe I ain't stiff enough, a-layin' there all that time? And Karl, ain't it near the end of the afternoon?" Foxey went on to say.

"Just about three o'clock, as you could tell by the shadows the trees cast, if you'd ever paid any attention to such little things in the line of woodcraft," the other assured him; and apparently Foxey was convinced that this was so, even if he did declare that that was the longest two hours he had ever spent.

"I heard the little click when your shutter swung over," he went on to say, "but none of them guys could 'a' caught it. How about the picture, Karl? Think you got a good snapshot? I noticed that there was something doing in the roughhouse line just about the time you let her fly."

"Wait and see what I caught," was all Karl would say in return; "and if I'm any judge, I reckon I've done better than I ever dared hope to."

"Say," Foxey continued, "a picture that showed Dan and his pals bein' knocked around like they was stuffed figgers ought to be right in line with them others you expect to take of wild animals at large, 'cause that was a menagerie broke loose, if ever there was one. Oh! if only you could 'a' had a talkin'-machine hid there, and picked up all the groans and yells they let out, wouldn't it have been the limit? But s'pose now Brose hasn't had any luck yet with sendin' his wireless wigwag message, will we come back here again to see what the hobos do?"

"You may, with Jack, while I go with Brose to help any I'm able," replied the patrol leader, who had apparently figured all these things out in his own mind while he was lying there in the dense covert of bushes near the hobo camp. "If you do come back, remember, I don't want you to try and crawl up where we were just now. No use taking chances that way, when you can see all that's needed from where we stood the second time we spied on the camp of the black smoke."

"I'll remember, all right, Karl, and in fact, I was hardly wantin' to try that creep again," Foxey went on to admit. "I'd sure hate to run a chance of falling into the hands of that pirate chap with the black mustache, the big coward who gave Dan his first clip over the head. Are we goin' straight back home now?'

"As fast as we can without being careless," Karl told him, while they pushed resolutely on, keeping to the thickest of the shelter, lest one of the men in the hostile camp should have taken a notion to step out of the ravine and survey the slope of Raccoon Ridge.

Fortunately they could not have detected what light smoke may have been rising from the camp-fire of the scouts; because, since learning the truth about those desperate men camped within half a mile, the boys would, of course, be more particular than ever about selecting fuel to burn that would give out little or no smoke, such as could be noticed against the sky background.

In due time the two scouts arrived, and were just in time to see Brose entering camp from the opposite side, showing that his little lesson in learning the time of day from the sun's position in the heavens had not been entirely lost upon the signal-sender.

Brose did not look at all happy, however, and Karl could easily guess before a word had been exchanged with him that all the efforts of the wigwag operator had met with no success.

"I just kept her a-goin' nearly all the time," he remarked disconsolately; "and between innings I'd squint as hard as anything through the field glasses, but though I could easy enough pick out Walt's roof among all the lot, never a sign did I get of him. He's sure either forgot all about his arrangement with me, or else his sprain is so bad they won't let him climb up there on the roof to talk. It's just rotten luck that's what. And when I might have done the finest thing you ever heard tell about, a-sendin' word about how them jewelry thieves could be took so easy. Huh!"

"Well, don't give up yet, Brose," said Karl, cheerily; "three o'clock doesn't stand for sundown, as far as I know. I'll go back with you presently, and see if my being along will bring any better luck."

"Mebbe it will, Karl!" cried Brose, brightening up immediately; "things do seem to work smoother whenever you're along, don't they, fellows? You c'n be peekin' through the glasses while I'm doin' my stunt with the flags. Let's start back right away, Karl. Walt might climb up there, and not gettin' any answer to his wavin', go back down again. Don't let's lose a minute more'n we c'n help."

There was something in this, Karl decided; so having given Jack and Foxey their orders as to what they should do while watching the hobos from a distance, he and Brose hurried away, headed for the peak, which was not a great distance off.

Brose showed where he had been standing while trying to get an answering signal from the distant town, far away, and only seen distinctly by the aid of the powerful field glasses.

Then, while Karl watched, the wigwag flags were started waving again. Long and faithfully did Brose labor, until a whole hour and more had gone. He was feeling very much depressed over what seemed certain failure, but so long as Karl continued to use the glasses, and encouraged him occasionally with plucky words, Brose was ready to keep trying, though his arms did ache.

And so it came about that all of a sudden he felt a shock as of electricity go right through him, when Karl, bending forward intently, as though focussing his glasses more carefully, was heard to say as calmly as he possibly could:

"At last there's a response, Brose! I can see a white flag with a red center waving over the roof of Walt Baxter's house. Yes, he's up there, and trying to let you know he has his glass leveled, and is waiting to take any old message you want to send him, just for practice, he thinks."

"Oh! glory hallelujah! ain't I glad,

RING AND BRACELET GIVEN
Sell 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c a box; great remedy for burns, sores, eczema, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc., return the $1.50 and we will promptly send this gold shell wedding ring & new style gold laid bracelet, warranted, or choice from large catalog
SendNoMoney, we trust you
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 72, Woodsboro, Md.
This offer made by old reliable firm estab. 22 years.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause.
Write us in confidence.
ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201 —21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

LEG SORES
Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE.
Bayles Co., 1824 Grand Ave., Kansas City. Mo.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! positively guarantee my great Successful "Compound." Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal affections in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. C. L. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., 515 MAIN ST., KANSAS CITY, MO

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof.
By Dr. Chase's Special Blood and Nerve Tablets.
Dr. Chase, 224 N. Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lovers' Sachet. Wins your sweetheart without delay. 25c, 50c & $1 sizes. R. BRITT, Stone St., Newark, N.J

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD
If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Users report immediate relief and speedy cures. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

though?" Brose almost shouted, as his face beamed with supreme happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MESSAGE THAT CAME TO CULVER.

"DON'T waste a minute, Brose," said the parol leader, "but get to work and let Walt Baxter know we're on deck, with a mighty important message to send him. Tell him to be ready to put it down, word for word, so he can relay it on to the police headquarters by 'phone."

"You bet I will, Karl; ain't I waited all these long hours for this to happen? Now just watch us talk!" the signal-sender replied, as he started to swing his flags in regulation fashion, so as to let the other fellow understand immediately he had something to communicate.

Then, with the message which Karl had carefully written out on paper before him, Brose commenced to send. He was pretty well up in this because it was his pet hobby among all the things that scouts are expected to master; and as he already had a smattering of knowledge concerning the Morse telegraphic code, having set up a private lne, with a chum, in town, over which they used to talk by means of batteries, wire, sender and sounder, Brose was in a condition to make a very fine operator.

The patrol leader stood close at his elbow, with the glass ready at all times to discover whether Walt made any "break," asking to have a certain sentence repeated, as he was not sure he had caught the real meaning.

This did happen several times, for Brose was so nervous that he sent his message unusually fast, and Karl had to warn him to slow up.

"No such hurry as all that, Brose," he said, for the second time. "It's of much more importance that Walt gets it straight, than that you save five minutes in the sending. Go over that last sentence again, and carefully, because the whole business hangs on that. No wonder Walt was so staggered that he lost his grip; and it's just that way in telegraphy—once you get foundered, and the whole thing is over, for you're always away behind. Now start in carefully and give it to him."

Whenever Walt felt sure that he had received a sentence exactly, and written it down as requested, he would signal to that effect, O. K. And so by degrees the entire message, as Karl had fixed it, was sent along through space, in this scout's wireless way.

As completed the story which the wondering boy on the roof of his home in Culver received that afternoon was as follows:

"Ran across camp of three hobos up on Raccoon Ridge. We believe they are the yeggs who robbed Mr. Barlow's store. They have got Dan and Curly and Chunky with them as prisoners, and use them terribly. 'Phone this to police headquarters right away. Tell Chief not to start out till dark, and to stop at bridge over creek. Some one will be waiting there to lead them up here. Bring plenty of help for men are ugly are armed. KARL ROBBINS,

"Leader of the Wolf Patrol."

"All over!" called out Brose, who was perspiring at a great rate on account of his tremendous effort in making all those signals, for every letter called for a separate movement of his arms.

"And Walt is answering you now," remarked Karl. "Listen to what he says: 'Got it down pat. All understood. Gee! what a great time you must be having. Going down right away and get the Chief. Say, how about the Wolf Patrol now, tell me? So long.'"

Brose just jumped up and down several times, for being under orders not to shout, of course he had to relieve himself in some manner.

"The greatest thing that ever came down the pike for us, Karl!" he went on to say, with a broad grin illuminating his face. "Mebbe after this some old wiseacres in Culver will wake up and understand what scouting is bound to do for nearly any boy that breathes. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if you made even Dolph all over into a different fellow before you're through with him."

"I expect to," said Karl, quietly. "Now I can see Walt crawling along the roof of his house heading for the open scuttle. Whew! he slipped then, and came near taking a slide. Must have hurt his sprained ankle some, too, because he's rubbing it as hard as he can. But he's full of grit and ginger, for now he's making a signal this way that it's all right, and there he disappears in the open trap."

"And right away there'll be a hustling down at police headquarters," declared Brose, proudly, as became one who had had considerable to do with sending this important news through space. "Wouldn't I like to be around just to hear what they say about us scouts. It'd make our ears burn, most likely. And Karl, after this we won't have any trouble about making up that Beaver Patrol you've got your heart set on. I know three boys right now that have been on the fence, and this big thing will decide the business with them. Besides, there's Luke's younger brother, Hiram, that was so wild to come in, and had to be shooed away so many times when we had our meetings in the room under the church. The Culver Troop of Boy Scouts is going forward after this by leaps and bounds, believe me!"

"I hope so and I believe you're right, too, Brose," remarked Karl, as the two boys slowly retraced their steps toward the camp, where the others, all but Foxey and Jack, were anxiously waiting for their coming.

Immediately they appeared all sorts of questions began to fly.

"Did you get Walt?" demanded Luke, eagerly.

"And was the message sent O. K.?" asked Joe, for all of them had been given the opportunity of reading what the patrol leader meant to have the wigwag operator send.

"Yes, to both questions," replied Karl, laughing; "and by now the Chief knows all about it, so you may be sure there's some excitement around headquarters. But what's the matter with you, Dolph? You seem in trouble."

"I am," came the answer; "because you see, it's happened again and in broad daylight, too."

"What! you don't mean to tell me some more of our grub has disappeared?" Brose ejaculated, his face immediately beginning to show signs of distress.

"Well, it happened this way," Dolph went on to say, "and I s'pose I'm the one to blame for it, but whoever'd think that beast would sneak up here in the middle of the afternoon, while us boys were close by, talking and moving about? Luke asked me to take a look over our supply of bread, and set out a loaf for supper, because he wanted to build up a nice, hot bed of ashes in the fire. I took the very last loaf out and laid it on that rock there while I looked through the haversacks for a can of Boston baked beans he said we ought to heat up. When I found it, Luke called me over, and I just forgot all about that loaf of bread for nearly ten minutes. Then when I did step over to get it, why, there wasn't a sign of the loaf anywhere!"

"Whew! that's going some!" Brose remarked, looking at Karl helplessly.

The patrol leader went to the flat rock in question, and getting down on hands and knees, spent all of ten minutes endeavoring to find some track that would tell what species of cunning animal it might be that was persistently hanging around, and by degrees robbing them of their supplies.

If he found anything he did not tell his comrades. Only as he got up he went on to say indifferently:

"Well, we must have bread, and tomorrow we'll send one scout on the wheel to a farmhouse I know of, about a mile and a half along the road. I looked out for this and arranged to have the farmer's wife make us a batch of good bread in the morning. And perhaps tonight, after our other little excitement is all over with, with the coast clear, I may set my camera for this bread thief and find out just what sort of slick article it can be."

Some of the scouts rather thought Karl chuckled when he was saying this last, but they did not question him, for just then Foxey and Jack came into camp, wild to learn about the wigwagging, and whether success had crowned the efforts of the signal flag operator. So the whole story had to be told again, as the sun sank lower and lower toward the western horizon, and evening came closer.

They were to have an early supper, for Karl wished to slip away before dark and take up his position alongside the bridge over the creek, where he could meet the officers and guide them up the ridge to the camp of the scouts.

"How did you leave things over at Camp Hobo?" asked Karl, presently.

"About as tough as they could be, for Dan and his crowd," replied Jack. "Seems like the men have been soaking in just enough stuff to make them ugly, and they never get enough of kicking and knocking those boys around. I used to despise that Dan Brittles the worst kind of a way. But honest, Karl, I couldn't help feeling mad to see how those tramps used him. Why, if that keeps on they'll be in the hospital after it's all done with. They can hardly drag themselves around right now, and there's a look of awful pain on their dirty faces all the while."

"Well, it'll be over before a great while," remarked Karl.

"Chances are ten to one they won't feel that we've been and helped 'em a whit; because I know the breed too well," Luke went on to say.

"You never can tell," was the only remark Karl permitted himself to make.

Supper was soon dispatched, for all of the boys were too excited to eat as much as usual. Besides, some of them were anxious for Karl to get started down the side of Raccoon Ridge, so that he would be on hand when the officers arrived. Perhaps if the police were wise they would come in that two-horse wagon with the rubber tires, owned by the liveryman, for a car would be apt to make enough noise to catch the attention of the camping hobos, and possibly excite their alarm.

So presently Karl slipped away from his mates, who would count the minutes until he came again, they hoped not alone. He had taken his bearings so well that he did not have the least difficulty in following the trail down the sloping side of the ridge, though he was careful not to wander toward the hostile camp. Once or twice he thought he heard voices somewhere, and guessed it might be the three prisoners protesting against the abuse that was being heaped on them by their ugly-grained captors.

Reaching the road, finally, Karl swiftly advanced in the direction of the little creek, which was spanned by a stout bridge. He hoped that if the police reached the place of meeting before he arrived they would have the good sense to remain quietly there and not attempt to scale the ridge on their own account, for any mix-up of this sort would ruin all Karl's carefully laid plans.

When he reached the bridge he found no one there and for ten minutes or so the boy crouched in the darkness, waiting and listening. Several times he thought he detected a distant sound like the padding of horses' hoofs on the road, and then finally he realized that there could be no mistake.

Some vehicle was coming along, slowly and carefully, and as Karl stood there he saw it loom up between him and the sky line. It was a wagon and he could make out quite a number of men seated in it.

"That you, Chief?" he asked, softly.

"Just who it is. Are you Karl Robbins?" came a low answer, as the wagon halted and the officers commenced swarming out.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

How a married woman does envy a spinster who has money of her own and doesn't have to ask any one for a cent!

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

DROP HEAD SEWING MACHINE $8.75

$8.75 · $11.95 · $16.45

If you are thinking of buying a sewing machine and want the best sewing machine made at less than one-third agent's or dealer's price, then WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG which illustrates in actual color of oak our full line of famous, light running and noiseless Faultless machines at $6.75 to 22.95, and describes them in complete detail. It tells all about the wonderful, improved and perfect mechanism of these best of all machines; gives hundreds of testimonials from people now using them, and explains understandingly why our light running and noiseless Faultless machines surpass all other makes, no matter what the name or price may be. For your own good, for economy sake, before you buy, WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG and read our great liberal offer to send you a famous, light running and noiseless Faultless Sewing Machine without any money in advance on 30 days' free trial; see our life time guarantee; safe delivery guarantee and read our latest and greatest offer whereby you can use any of our sewing machines at our risk 90 days free in your own home. Write today.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St., Chicago

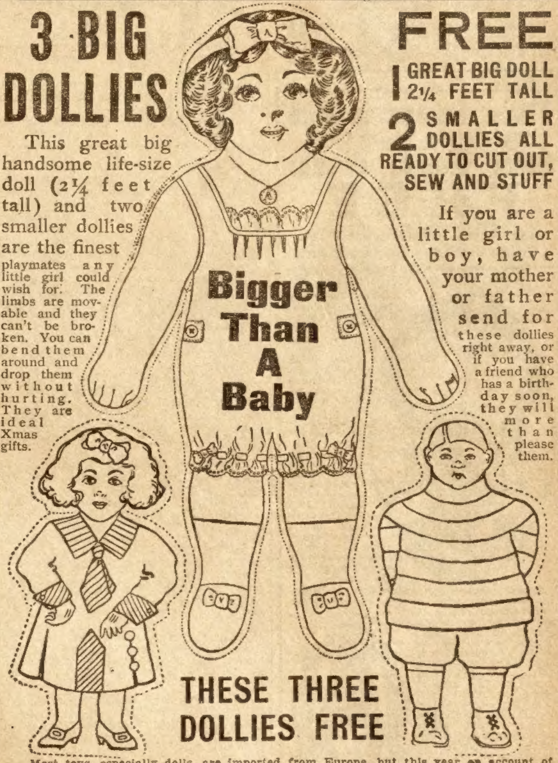
NEW SQUIRT RING

HERE YOU ARE, BOYS, a medallion ring of Sept. Morn. Everyone will see it on your finger and try to get a better look. Press the bulb, concealed in your hand, and Miss Sept. Morn will do the rest by squirting a fine stream of water all over the curious one. Will squirt 20 feet. Greatest joke out, and brand new. By mail with big catalog 15cts. FISHER NOVELTY CO. Dept 62 721 Sterling Place Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquered easily in 3 days! Improve health, prolong your life. Relieve stomach or kidney trouble, hoarseness, headaches, irritability, nervous worry, heart weakness. Avoid blindness! Gain lasting vigor, calm nerves, better memory, clear eyes, superior mental strength. Banish spells of melancholy; avoid collapse. If you chew, dip snuff or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting free book. Just what you have been looking for. Proved worth weight in gold to others; why not you? Overcome nicotine habit, start now and be genuinely happy. Book mailed free. FREE EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Avenue, 171X New York, N. Y.

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

289 SONGS Latest hits, "Moonlight Bay," etc., with 12 pieces PIANO MUSIC, 10c Enterprise Co., L-Morton Bldg., Chicago.



3 BIG DOLLIES

This great big handsome life-size doll (2¼ feet tall) and two smaller dollies are the finest playmates any little girl could wish for. The limbs are movable and they can't be broken. You can bend them around and drop them without hurting. They are ideal Xmas gifts.

FREE

1 GREAT BIG DOLL 2¼ FEET TALL

2 SMALLER DOLLIES ALL READY TO CUT OUT, SEW AND STUFF

If you are a little girl or boy, have your mother or father send for these dollies right away, or if you have a friend who has a birthday soon, they will more than please them.

THESE THREE DOLLIES FREE

Most toys, especially dolls, are imported from Europe, but this year on account of the war, there is a great scarcity of them, so very high prices.

These dollies come on one large sheet of heavy cloth, ready to sew up and stuff; so simple any one can do it in ten minutes' time. Thousands of little ones all over the country have been made happy with these dolls. The baby's own clothes will fit the large one.

We will send a set of these dolls for only a six months' (50c) subscription, new or renewal, to the BLADE or LEDGER, or if you want two sets, one for each of the girls, send us $1.00 for a year's subscription.

BLADE AND LEDGER, 500 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE FAIRY CORNER

THE LOOKOUT MAN.

Now listen, little children, and I'll tell a story true—
And better you remember, for it means a lot to you—
And all who are good children, as Christmas time draws near,
You'll get a lot of presents, and a lot of Christmas cheer.
The Lookout Man is walking when the stars begin to peep
To see if little children are in bed and fast asleep;
And all who act up naughty, and don't mind their ma's and pa's,
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I knew a little fellow once who got real bad, and said
He didn't care for Santa Claus, and wouldn't go to bed;
And said he didn't have to mind—oh, he was awful bad—
And didn't care the leastest mite in making folks feel sad.
But when it came to Christmas, he didn't get a thing,
For Santa Claus had heard of him, and not a thing he'd bring.
He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your ma's and pa's,
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I also knew a little girl who was just awful bad.
She wouldn't learn her lessons, and she always got so mad
If anybody told her to be still and hush her noise——
Well, she was always wishing for a lot of Christmas toys.
But when 'twas Christmas morning, to her wonder and surprise,
An empty stocking hanging in the corner met her eyes.
You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's and pa's;
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

The Lookout Man is peeping through the windows every night,
And counting up the children who are always acting right,
And going off to bed at once when told it's time to go,
And never pouting, not a bit, or taking clothes off slow.
He puts them in the good book, but the bad ones in the bad—
And when he writes a bad one, oh, he looks just awful sad.
For he knows they will get nothing—better mind your ma's and pa's;
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

❧

The Ghost.

Mother Peterkin looked dubiously toward the corner of the nursery, with the little black heads close together.

"What are you doing, children?" she asked.

Patsy looked wise and said nothing, but little Denny piped in quickly.

"We're just fussy-foolin'," he remarked.

"Just what?" laughed their mother as she went down the hall toward the stairs. "Well, be good enough for Santa Claus."

The two little boys giggled and looked knowingly at each other, then ran downstairs to play. In the crowd sledding down the hill near their house they found their sister, with her old sled. She turned her back when she saw them coming and called to the little girl beside her.

"Jump on."

Off they went, the two little girls, with hair flying, down the delectable hill.

"Fussy! Fussy!" came two little voices after the rapidly descending sled. "Fussy!"

The twins, who lacked a sled because they had disobeyed orders the night before, walked sadly back to the house. It was two days before Christmas and most awfully hard to wait until Santa Claus really came. Two days were almost a lifetime, it seemed to 5-year-old Denny. Santa Claus was to come night after next and do wonderful things, as last year.

And the snow had come, and they had played in it and had the grandest time in the world sliding down the hill on their stomachs—on the sled, of course. And now they couldn't have the sled, just because they had sledded more than papa had said they might. Sister had the sled. She made all the fuss by telling. That's why she was a horrid "Miss Fussy."

So the twins sought consolation again in the nursery.

"I'm goin' to fool her," said Patsy, with a determined nod; "I'll be a ghost."

Denny looked great admiration toward his twin. They had had a wonderful ghost story read to them yesterday. "We'll fool her," he said. "We'll just dress up."

"Tomorrow," agreed Patsy. Then his eyes grew big as saucers. "Tomorrow night," he whispered.

Tomorrow night was Christmas Eve.

Father Peterkin was far away with the army, for he was a soldier. Mother Peterkin had to be both father and mother to the three little children, Mary Lou and Patsy and Denny. She always tried hard to give Santa Claus a good reception. Before Father Peterkin went away Santa Claus had always come himself and given out the presents and the tree—oh, it was wonderful!—but since then Mother Peterkin could never get Santa Claus to come. She said she was afraid he had too many places to go; he would just have to bring the things and leave them.

The twins had forgotten that it was the night before Christmas that they had chosen for playing a ghost fool on Mary Lou. After supper Mother Peterkin sent them to bed early—Mary Lou, too—and said they should be sure to go right to sleep. Well, the twins couldn't go right to sleep, not when they were going to be ghosts. They crept under the cover and were properly kissed good night; then after everything was quiet they stole out of bed and wrapped two sheets about them.

Then they crept down the hall toward the dark stairs, two scared but determined little ghosts. Patsy grasped Denny by the hand, and both gripped the long white sheets around them. It was scary, the dark and all.

Then they heard a step. Some one was coming. And out of mother's room, too. They forgot all about scaring poor sister Mary Lou and stood still, hand in hand, waiting for this other ghost to approach them. You see, they were brave really, for they did not run away.

And what do you think happened? Out walked Santa Claus. Just as he had come the other times before. It was really truly Santa Claus, or was it Santa Claus' ghost? At the fearful thought Patsy grasped Denny's arm and drew back into the far corner of the hall.

Then Mother Peterkin came out, with her face all shiny and wet, just as if she had been crying.

"We'll call them," she said, softly. Then she called:

"Patsy! Mary Lou! Denny! Come quick. See who's here."

Then it was not a real ghost after all. It was the real Santa Claus. The twins dropped their sheets and ran forward to their mother. Santa Claus had begun to say something, but he stopped and coughed.

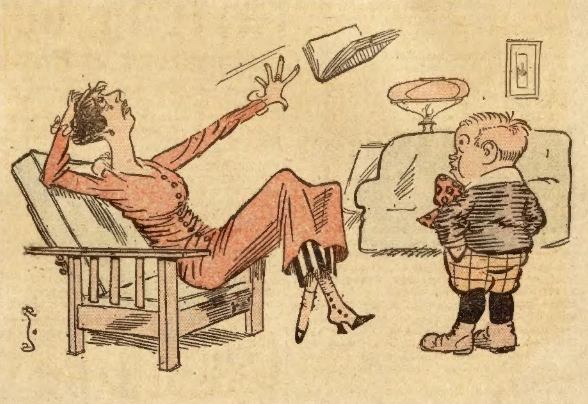
"Why, children!" cried Mother Peterkin, when she saw the twins run out with the sheets hanging to them. "What are you doing?"

In a jiffy the three children forgot all about the ghost and wrapped themselves in their warm bathrobes and ran down to the blazing woodfire in the library and listened to a secret.

It was Santa Claus. They had their tree, just like other boys and girls, and their presents Christmas Eve, just as they had always had when papa was there. Very best of all, in the morning Father Peterkin had come.

"But he didn't see Santa Claus," said Patsy, sorrowfully. "Nor the ghost," added Mother Peterkin. "Nor anything," cried Denny.

"But I see you," cried Father Peterkin, happily, as he hugged them in one big hug. "And that's enough."



Elderly Sister—"So Mr. Goodkatch said I had teeth like pearls? And what did you say?"

Young Brother—"Oh, nothing; except that you were gradually getting used to them!"

❧

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Come, all ye weary wanderers,
Beneath the wintry sky,
This day forget your worldly cares
And lay your sorrows by.
Awake and sing,
The church bells ring,
For this is Christmas morning!

So now, God bless us, one and all,
With hearts and hearthstones warm;
And may He prosper great and small,
And keep us out of harm.
And teach us still
His sweet good will
This merry Christmas morning!
—By Edwin Waugh.

❧

Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree is supposed by great numbers of people to have originated in Germany, but from a reliable source we learn that the Christmas tree came in the first instance from Egypt, and its origin dates from a period much earlier than the Christian era. The palm tree is known to put forth a branch every month, and a spray of this tree with twelve shoots on it was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice as a symbol of the completed year.

Heads of families think it is remarkable what a short time there is between Christmases.

FREE ASTHMA REMEDY.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by mail to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Three Lamps in One
More Light. Less Cost
Steel Mantle Burner
FREE
to Our Subscribers
It Is Odorless-Smokeless-Economical
Gives the MOST LIGHT PER GALLON OF OIL USED

LARGE CLEAR WHITE GAS FLAME
A

Why not Transform your Old, Smoky, Dingy, Weak Lamps into Bright, Clear, Powerful, Odorless, Smokeless Lights Using Steel Burners? No Home Complete Without Them.

The Lantern makes the work in the barn and in the yard a pleasure, illuminating the road and turning the pitch dark night into a twilight drive. Steel Mantle Burners are rapidly supplanting the old style burners.

Don't forget to say which size you want. If your lamp wick is ⅝ of an inch wide order Burner No. 1. If your lamp or lantern wick is one inch wide, order Burner No. 2. When you order No. 2, say whether you want a lamp or lantern burner.

You can get one of these fine burners absolutely free of charge by sending $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) to the Blade or Ledger, or $1.50 renewal to both papers. We will send two of them with a $2.00 subscription to both papers or a two year subscription to either paper. Don't fuss with smoky lamps and lanterns. Send at once. Canada price $1.50.

W. D. BOYCE CO.
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE

We will give a pair of these fine
Patent Tension
Shears
FREE
With One Year's Subscription to
The Chicago Ledger

A new invention—a pair of shears with a Tension Spring attachment which enables the user to set the Shears for cutting **any kind of material with ease.**

The Shears are seven inches long and the patent device **keeps them always sharp and in perfect cutting condition.**

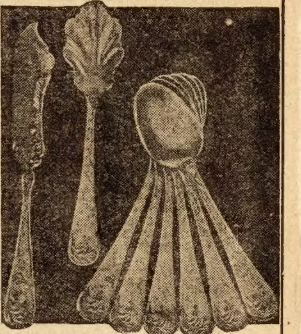
No matter how many pairs of shears or scissors you have, you need a pair of these with the Tension Spring. After you use them once you will never go back to the old fashioned kind. They are perfectly finished and full nickel plated and the **Manufacturer's Guarantee Certificate accompanies every pair.**

One year's subscription to **The Chicago Ledger** costs you only $1.00. If you subscribe now you will get **The Chicago Ledger** every week for a year for the dollar and a pair of these Patent Tension Shears **free of charge,** shipping charges prepaid.

Send your subscription to

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
(Canada Subscription Rate $1.50 per Year)

This Set Free!



To introduce them the manufacturers have made us a special price. We give you the benefit of it.

The Silveroid ware is silver plate, made by a new process. By it the manufacturer can reproduce the very finest designs much cheaper than the old way. The set consists of six tea spoons, one sugar spoon and one butter knife—all full size and rich looking—the famous Daisy pattern. **Give style to the table.** Will last a life time. They are beautiful enough for the finest table use, yet can stand the wear of everyday use. They will please our friends. We want to send a set to every home and have made it easy for you to get it.

Read below:

HOW YOU CAN GET THIS PRETTY SET FREE

This beautiful set complete—six tea spoons, one sugar spoon and one butter knife will be sent entirely free to everyone who sends us $1.00 for a year's subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER. We will treat old and new customers alike on this special offer. If you are already a subscriber and wish this beautiful set send $1.00 and say you want the silveroid tea set of eight pieces. As soon as we hear from you we will extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires and send you the full set of eight pieces at once.

HURRY!

If it were not for the special introductory price we have from the manufacturer we could not give this set free to you. It is the very best offer we have made to our friends but will not last long. Orders and re-orders will pour in, our supply is limited, so send your subscription at once and be sure to say you want the FREE SET OF EIGHT SILVERWARE PIECES.

Send subscriptions to

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 Dearborn Ave. Chicago, Ill.

The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

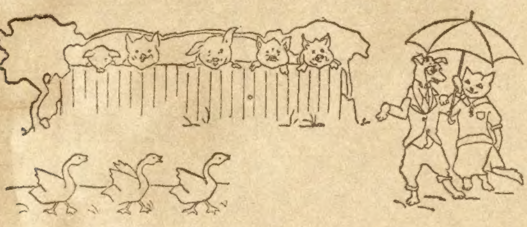
We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.

Canada—Single subscriptions, $1.50; Blade and Ledger, $3.00 the year.

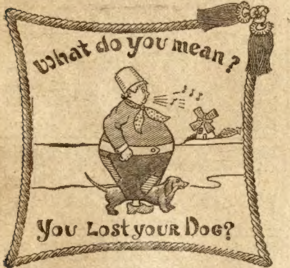


No. 5000. Mother Goose Stitchwork Lessons.

NO. 5000, MOTHER GOOSE STITCHWORK LESSONS.—The Mother Goose Stitchwork Lessons are the most unique and simple embroidery novelty ever offered. Their appeal is to the older folks as well as to the youngsters learning their first simple outline stitches. They consist of three different packages in one envelope. Each package is complete in itself, and is a danuy Christmas gift for the young girl, for the growing child and for mother herself.

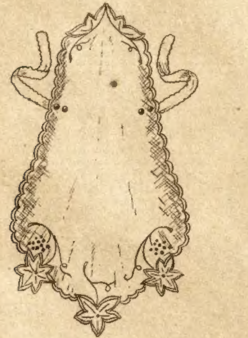
Each package contains three different subjects illustrating Mother Goose rhymes in outline. They transfer with the simple pressure of a hot iron onto a piece of cloth, and there are inclosed in the package, also, a needle, a piece of cambric and two skeins of silk especially designed for making outlines.

The subjects are such as: Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary; Five Little Piggies; Mrs. March Hare, etc. Given for a one year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger at $1.00.


What do you mean?
You Lost your Dog?

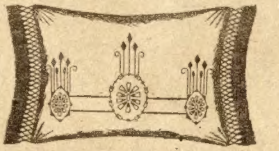
No. 1501, Pillow Top.

NO. 1501, TINTED PILLOW TOP.—On ecru art ticking, size 21x21 inches, including tan Holland linene back and six skeins of colored floss. Given with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.



No. 4041, Apron.

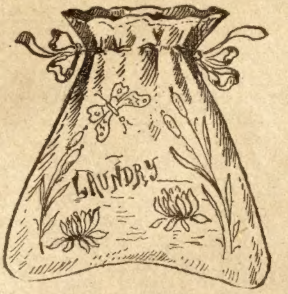
NO. 4041, APRON.—Stamped on white Irish linen, enough material for strings and pocket, including four skeins of cotton floss. Given with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.



Nos. 304 and 314, Pillow Top and Table Scarf.

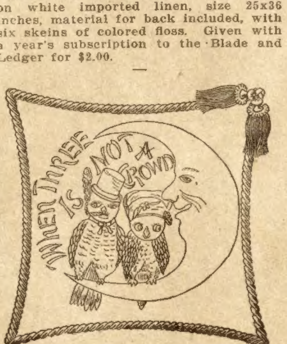
NO. 304, TINTED PILLOW TOP.—On pure Russian crash, size 17x22 inches, including tan Holland linene back and four skeins of colored floss. Given with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.

NO. 314, TINTED LIBRARY TABLE SCARF.—On pure linen Russian crash, size 17x54 inches. Matches No. 304 pillow top. Six skeins of colored floss included with scarf. Given with a year's subscription to the Blade and Ledger for $2.00.



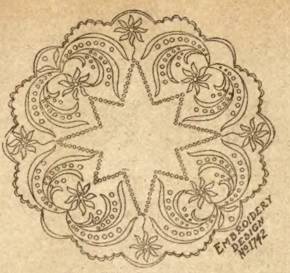
No. 1778, Laundry Bag.

NO. 1778, LAUNDRY BAG.—Stamped on white imported linen, size 25x36 inches, material for back included, with six skeins of colored floss. Given with a year's subscription to the Blade and Ledger for $2.00.


When Three Is Not A Crowd

No. 2022 B, Pillow Top.

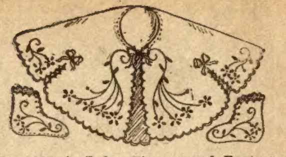
NO. 2022 B, TINTED PILLOW TOP.—On ecru art ticking, size 21x21 inches, including tan holland linene back and six skeins of colored floss. Given with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.



No. 1742, Centerpiece.

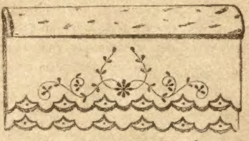
NO. 1742, CENTERPIECE.—Stamped on real white Irish linen, size 18x18 inches, including four skeins of cotton floss. Given with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.

Same design stamped on real white Irish linen, size 36x36 inches, including six skeins of cotton floss. Given with a year's subscription to the Blade and Ledger for $2.00.



No. 2005 A, Baby Kimono and Bootees.

NO. 2005 A, BABY KIMONO AND BOOTEES.—Stamped on white flannelette, including six skeins of floss for working design. Given with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.



No. 2030, Guest Towel.

NO. 2030, GUEST TOWEL.—Stamped on pure linen huck toweling, size 15x27 inches, including four complete sets of initials and four skeins of cotton floss. Given with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.

* * *

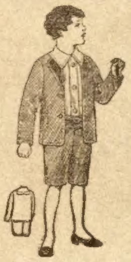
"Faithful are the wounds of a friend" —and frequent.

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

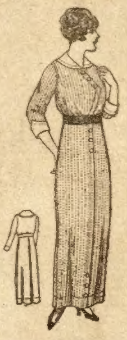
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

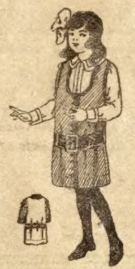
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



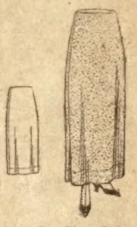
8495 Boy's Suit, 6 to 12 years.



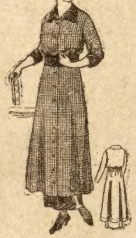
8503 Dress with Four-Piece Skirt, 34 to 42 bust.



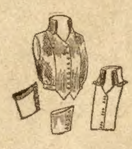
8501 One-Piece Dress with Guimpe Effect, 6 to 13 years.



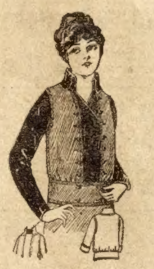
8507 Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



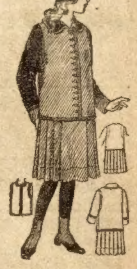
8509 Dress with Russian Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



8492 Guimpe, Chemisette and Cuffs, 34 to 42 bust.



8497 Low Belted Blouse, 34 to 44 bust.



8506 Girl's Costume, 10 to 14 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME..

Street No.
or R. F. D...

Box............Town...

This is a..........................Subscription. State..........................
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

Get this Car FREE And the Agency

You can get this 4-cyl., 3-speed, 16-H. P. Car

ABSOLUTELY FREE. Regular Price $425

The demand for capable automobile men is increasing every day. Our graduates are always in demand to fill fine positions as Salesmen, Demonstrators, Garage Managers, Repair Men or expert drivers. You will know how to actually build a car. You can get this car Free.

Learn how to make $100 to $400 every month and be your Own Boss You can go into a big paying business for yourself. No need to leave home. Write today for 40-page Catalog giving all details. This is the only auto school actually building cars.

C. A. COEY'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING
1203 COEY BLDG., 2010-12 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

$40 MOTORCYCLE We have the largest line of new and used motorcycles and supplies in the country at the lowest prices. Every machine guaranteed. Send for catalog. We handle repairs for any motorcycle. Send us your machines to be overhauled. Motors and castings for airships and railway velocipedes. We exchange motorcycles.
HARRY R. GEER CO., 900 McLaran Ave., St. Louis, Missouri

YOU can EARN an AUTO

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET A NEW FORD TOURING CAR FOR A FEW WEEKS' WORK.

By my new, easy plan, anyone over 16 years old can get a brand-new Ford Touring Car for a little easy, respectable work among neighbors. Free Book tells all about it. Postal brings it. Send. AUTO TOM, 606 S. 16th St., OMAHA, NEB.

FREE booklet—how to master the AUTO TRADE—spare times—at home. Let us start you as a CHAUFFEUR OR MECHANICIAN—we've started hundreds.
SEND NOW for PROOFS & FREE BOOK.
DYKE'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Box 3 Roe Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.
A NEW IDEA OF TEACHING BY MAIL WITH DYKE'S WORKING MODELS CHARTS, MANIKINS, ETC.

IT RAINS IN MINNESOTA—when it ought to. Annual precipitation 29 inches, 14 inches in the months of May, June, July and August (growing season). U. S. weather records for 75 years. Maps and literature sent FREE. Write FRED D. SHERMAN, State Immigration Commissioner, Room 309, State Capitol, ST. PAUL, MINN.

AN HOUR'S TIME-NOT YOUR MONEY

For choice of Lace Bed Set, Rug, Silk Scarf, Couch Cover, Solid Birthstone Ring, Lace Curtains, or other VALUABLES, a new fair square plan. Write for details.

S. MFG. Co 18 WARREN St. N.Y.

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE

Anyone can earn a handsome ladies' or gents' watch, hunting and other styles, by selling our jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces now. When sold send us $2 and we will send you FREE a stem wind, thin model, highly engraved watch, simulated gold finished. Other styles described with goods. Also 3-stone ring and chain free for prompt remittance. Panama Jewelry Co., Box 91 A, Chicago

WILL YOU TAKE ORDERS?

Many earn $30 to $60 every week demonstrating our 1915 Model Steel Automatic Handi-Tool. Lifting and Pulling Jack, Wire Stretcher, Splicer and Mender, Post and Stump Puller, Tire Tightener, Cable Maker, Press, Vise, Hoist, Wrench, etc. Operates automatically. Has power of 40 men. Guaranteed for life. Spare time or permanent work. Demonstrator loaned. Credit given. Write for factory agency offer.
CHAS. E. BENEFIEL CO. 292-L Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE XMAS PRESENT BEAUTIFUL STICK PIN

Gold plated, stone set, to introduce Wholesale Catalog. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wrap a dime or stamps in this adv. for postage, pkg., etc. This will be deducted from your first order. Write name plainly. Send today.
NATIONAL WHOLESALERS, Box 26C, Chicago.

4 RINGS FREE

For selling 12 Thimbles at 10c and paper needles free with each Thimble. When sold send us $1.20 and we will send the 4 rings free.
HOME SUPPLY CO.
Dept. 403, Chicago, Illinois

Throw Your VOICE!

Into the next room, down cellar or anywhere, Fool your friends, lots of fun. The **Ventrilophone** is a little instrument that fits in the mouth and cannot be seen. Boys or Girls can use it. Also Complete instructions on use of Ventrilophone & Art of Ventriloquism. Price 10cts
ARDEE Co. Box 19 Stamford, Conn.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation o' merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Print Your Own cards, circulars, book, newspaper, &c. Press $5, Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, samples, &c. THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

LADIES—Parcel Post your old willows; let us make from them a beautiful rose pom pom 75c, stick-up $1.00, lobster band $1.25, soft pom pom with stick-up in center $1.25. Neck Boa $2.00 or an elegant French Plume $1.00. Plumes cleaned, curled, dyed or repaired.
ECK DYE WORKS, 1914 Walnut St., Chicago, Ill.

SKUNK We pay top prices for Skunk Mink, Muskrat, and all raw Furs. Price list free. M. J. JEWETT & SONS, REDWOOD, N. Y., DEPT. 27

Raise Belgian Hares We will furnish stock at reasonable price and buy your increase. Booklet FREE.
Address BELGIAN HARES, Holmes Park, Mo.

Large List, Dialogs, Entertainments, Recitations, Drills, **PLAYS** Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 6 Chicago, Ill.

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. ROBERTS & CO., 326 MADISON ST., CHICAGO

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

PEPPERS

A Trivial Matter.

Booker T. Washington told at Tuskegee a very good story, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Old Uncle Cal Clay," he said, "invited the parson to eat Christmas dinner with him. The parson accepted and the spread was magnificent—sweet potatoes and celery, cranberries and mince pie, plum pudding and a turkey so big and yet so tender that the parson had never seen the like before.

"'Uncle Cal,' the parson said, as he spread the clear pink cranberry sauce on a great, pearly-white, succulent slice of breast, 'Uncle Cal, where did you get this wonderful turkey?'

"'Pawson,' said Uncle Calhoun Clay solemnly, 'when you preached dat wonderful Christmas sermon dis mawnin', did I ax you whah you got him? Nuh, no. Dat's a trivial matter.'"

❧

Faithful to the End.

A reporter on a Kansas City paper was among those on a relief train that was being rushed to the scene of a railway wreck in Missouri. About the first victim the Kansas City reporter saw was a man sitting in the road with his back to a fence. He had a black eye, his face was somewhat scratched, and his clothes were badly torn—but he was entirely calm.

The reporter jumped to the side of the man against the fence. "How many hurt?" he asked of the prostrate one.

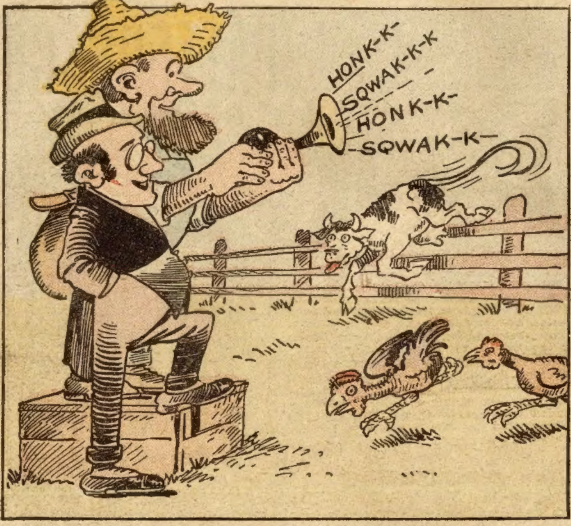
"Haven't heard of anybody being hurt," said the battered person.

"What was the cause of the wreck?"

"Wreck? Haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't heard of any wreck? Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well, young man, I don't know that that's any of your business, but I am the claim-agent of this road."



City Man—"Why do you toot that auto horn to call the cows and chickens in from pasture?"

Rube Jenks—"I don't want none of my critters t' get the idea this is an old fashioned place."

❧

No Such Name.

Paul Armstrong tells of a friend of his, an exceedingly deaf man, who was being introduced to a young woman. The young woman was pretty but she had a strange name. Her name was Dinglefugle.

"Mr. Smith," said the mutual acquaintance, "this is Miss Dinglefugle."

The deaf man cupped his hand behind his ear.

"Please pardon me," he said, "but I'm hard of hearing. What did you say the name was?"

"Miss Dinglefugle."

"I'm awfully sorry," murmured the afflicted one with a strained and puzzled look in his eye; "but I haven't caught it yet."

The other man raised his voice to a shout.

"Miss Dinglefugle!" he blared.

Resignedly, hopelessly the deaf man shook his head.

"It's no use," he said; "sounds like Dinglefugle to me."

❧

Hard Labor.

Wilson Barrett used to tell an amusing story against himself. At a time when he had a lot of workmen redecorating his private residence, thinking to give them a treat, he asked if, after work one evening, they would like to have seats to go and see him play in "The Lights o' London" at the Princess Theater. They said they didn't mind if they did, and being complimentary tickets, all went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance.

At the end of the week Barrett's eye caught sight of this item against each workman's name on the pay-sheet: "Saturday night. Four hours' overtime at Princess Theater, eight shillings."

❧

His Friend and Enemy.

Possibly the neatest story about Mr. Balfour is told on the occasion of his defeat at a general election. He was elected by another constituency, and later was walking with a friend in the lobby of the House of Commons when a man came up and said: "How do you do, Mr. Balfour? I am glad to see you, sir. I hope you are in good health."

"Excellent," replied Mr. Balfour warmly; "and I am charmed to see you looking so well. It is a pleasure to meet you again, as it always has been."

The two walked on. "Who is that man?" asked Balfour. "His face seems familiar, but I cannot remember him."

"That," replied his friend, "is the man who beat you."

❧

Playwright and Producer.

A good theatrical story was told by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome at the O. P. club dinner to dramatic authors.

"I spoke to an eminent producer not long ago," he said, "about a play a young friend of mine had sent to him. He remembered it.

"'Ah, yes,' he said. 'Not at all bad. There's an idea in it.'

"Later on it was produced, and after the show I went behind.

"'Well,' said the eminent producer, 'what did you think of it?'

"'Oh, all right!' I said. 'It seems all correct. But what about that idea?'

"He didn't seem to understand.

"'The idea,' I reminded him; 'you said there was an idea in it.'

"He remembered then. 'Ah, yes,' he said. 'Yes. We had to cut that out.'"

❧

The Benefit of the Doubt.

At the club one night a member of the Seventh Regiment found himself the center of a group who were discussing the likelihood of an invasion of Mexico by the National Guard. Cheerful remarks about the penetrative powers of Mauser bullets peppered about him. Everybody had kindly suggestions to make—such, for instance, as that a medal neatly adjusted over each bullet hole would make him look as good as new. The victim took it very well.

"I'd like to contribute just one remark to this discussion," he said. "If I'm reported shot in the back, remember that I may have turned around to encourage my men."

❧

Make the Christmas spirit last as long as possible.

20 Reasons Why You Should Investigate the SANDOW Kerosene Stationary ENGINE

It runs on kerosene (coal oil), gasoline, distillate and alcohol without change in equipment—starts without cranking—runs in either direction—throttle governed—hopper and tank-cooled—speed controlled while running—no cams—no valves—no gears—no sprockets—only three moving parts—light weight—easily portable—great power—starts easily at forty degrees below zero—complete ready to run—children operate them—low factory prices based on enormous out put—30 day money-back trial—10 years ironclad guarantee. Sizes, 1 1-2 to 18 horsepower. Send a postal today for free catalog which tells how Sandow will be useful to you. No go-betweens. Pocket agents' and middlemen's commissions by dealing direct with factory. (602)
(602) Detroit Motor Car Supply Co.
216 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

C. O. D. $1.53 BY PARCEL POST

To advertise our business and introduce our catalogue of watch bargains, we will send this elegant American made lever escapement, stem wind and stem set watch, open face nickel silver plated case. A perfect timekeeper and fully GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS with Mexican Cowboy Fob, all postage paid C. O. D. by Parcel Post. You pay your postman when you receive it $1.53 only and it is yours. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Address DIAMOND JEWELRY CO.
E 16, 187 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.
FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER

QUAKER —FOLDING— VAPOR BATH CABINET

$5 to $10 a Day to Ladies or Gents selling Cabinets to families and physicians. Everybody buys—sick or well. Turkish, Russian or Medicated Baths at Home. 50,000 sold. No more bath tubs or doctor bills. Renovates your system, prevents Obesity, relieves Colds, Rheumatism, LaGrippe, Neuralgia, Eczema, Catarrh, Fevers, Headaches, also Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney diseases; beautifies the complexion. Guaranteed. Price low. Lasts a lifetime. Folds in 1 inch space. Light weight. Greatest seller on earth. Wholesale to agents. Descriptive book FREE.
QUAKER CO. 153 Quaker Bldg. Cincinnati, O.
THE HOME TURKISH-BATH "QUAKER" THERMAL BATH CABINET A TURKISH-BATH For 2 Cents

Make $5000 a Year in "Movies"

Our Experience & Small Capital Starts You Let us guide you to a big, steady income, from little investment. Our vast experience gives you "inside" facts. We start you with complete outfit. A postal brings our exclusive guide to success in the motion picture business; also catalog of equipment plans and details of how you can enter this popular, profitable amusement field. Address Atlas Moving Picture Co., 508 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 261 Chicago

300 SONGS 10c.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY; I'd Love to Live in Loveland; If You Talk in Your Sleep; Oh Mr. Dream Man; Everybody's Doin' It; When I Was 21 and You Were Sweet 16; Is it Very Far to Heaven; After the Honeymoon; I'm Going Back to Dixie; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Oh You Beautiful Doll; Casey Jones; Grizzly Bear; Red Wing; They Always Pick on Me; Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet; Steamboat Bill; Let Me Call You Sweetheart; Roses Bring Dreams of You; Silver Bell; Billy; Mysterious Rag etc. OVER 300 Latest Song Hits & 10 pieces PIANO MUSIC for 10c.
HYDE MUSIC CO., Dept. BL, 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago

100 POST CARDS FREE

SEND US 25c FOR 25 NEW YEAR & CHRISTMAS CARDS Embossed in gold and silver, and GET 100 FREE. No two alike. Beautifully colored flannel Flag included in every order. Great value. Everything sent postpaid. Money back if not highly pleased.
EMPORIUM CO.
Beebe Plain, Vt.

LAME PEOPLE

OLD WAY — OUR WAY
The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of readymade shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet.
HENRY B. LOTZ,
313 Third Avenue, New York City
THE "NATURAL WALK"

36-lb. NEW FEATHER BEDS $7.30

New, clean, live, sanitary feathers. Best feather-proof ticking, 6 pound pillows $1.15 per pair. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write for big Free catalogue. AGENTS WANTED.
AMERICAN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 157 Nashville, Tenn.

40 lb.—FEATHER BEDS—$7.00

New, clean, odorless, sanitary and dustless feathers. Best Ticking, 6 pound pillows $1.00 per pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog and our wonderful SPECIAL OFFER. AGENTS WANTED.
SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO Dep't 1231 Greensboro, N. C.

$10 TO $30 a day. If you don't make it handling the Gen. Agency for Anti-Thief Combination Automobile Switch Lock, guaranteed thief proof, no competition, return contract. Forbes sold 8 in half day; profit, $32. Anti-Thief Lock Co., Dept. 51. Indianapolis, Ind.

X-RAY The latest scientific wonder. Clothes and flesh turn transparent and bones can plainly be seen. Price by mail 10c.
E. G. HARRE & CO., 6141 University Ave., Chicago

HEIRS

A Fortune Knocking at Your Door.

UNCLAIMED WEALTH.

Heirs Wanted at Once.
This May Mean YOU.

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are Rich and don't know it. Our 400 page cloth bound book, entitled: NEXT OF KIN, contains authentic lists of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised in America and abroad to claim fortunes. There are thousands of names in this book. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland list, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Your ancestors' name may be among them. We want every family in the U. S. and Canada to have this book. Send $1.00 to cover cost compiling this 400 page book and we will mail it to you at once, postpaid, or, send two cents in postage for circular.

W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.